Vol 74 #7

Cover SPLIT

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August 16, 1924

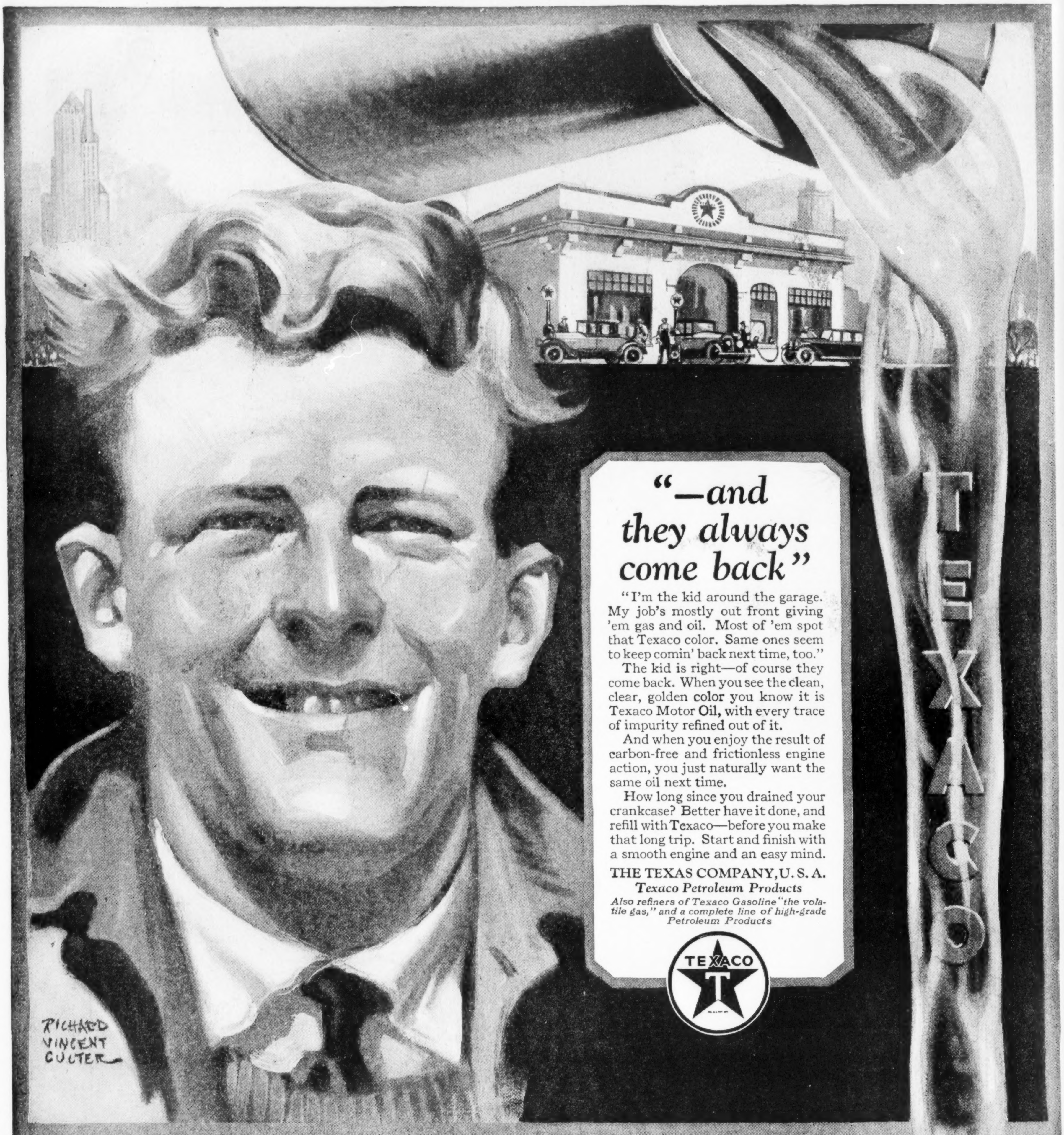
Collier's

TH EKLY

EDMUND DAVENPORT

What Has Happened to Home?

Enter the Prize Contest for "Home" Letters—See Pa



"—and they always come back"

"I'm the kid around the garage. My job's mostly out front giving 'em gas and oil. Most of 'em spot that Texaco color. Same ones seem to keep comin' back next time, too."

The kid is right—of course they come back. When you see the clean, clear, golden color you know it is Texaco Motor Oil, with every trace of impurity refined out of it.

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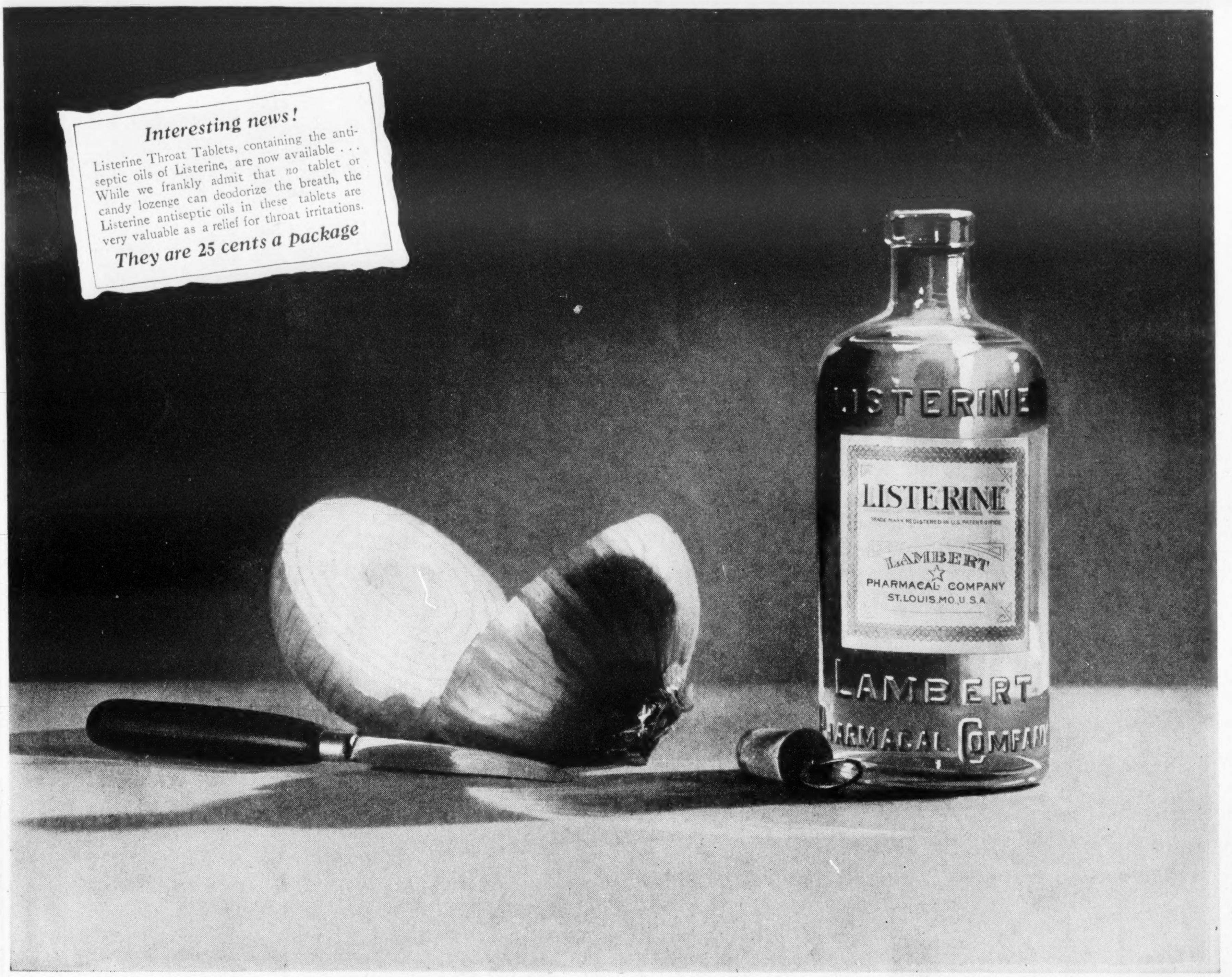

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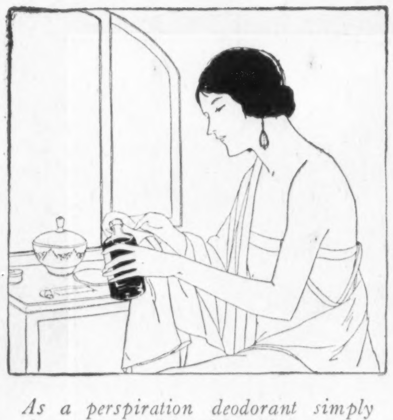
They are 25 cents a package

Maybe you don't believe this

then try it yourself



As a perspiration deodorant simply douse on clear Listerine with a towel or washcloth. It evaporates quickly and does what you desire.

YOU have doubtless read a great many advertisements recommending the use of Listerine as a deodorant—as, for instance, Listerine for halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath).

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Rub a bit of fresh onion on your hand. Douse on a little Listerine. The onion odor immediately disappears.

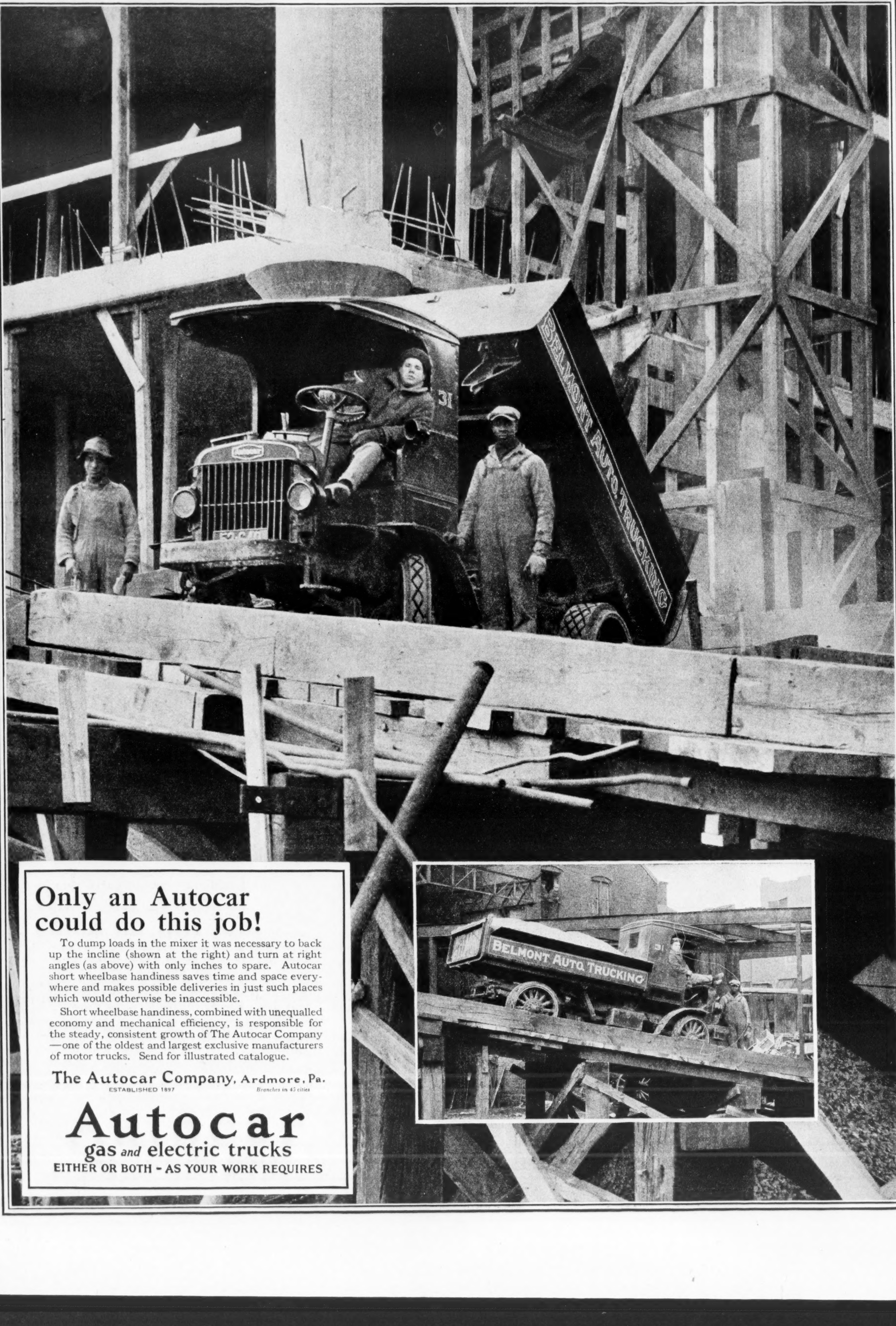
It will be a revelation to you. And then you will appreciate all the more why Listerine enjoys so widespread a popularity as a deodorant.

Women lately have developed a new use for Listerine. They wanted a perspiration deodorant—one absolutely safe, non-irritating, and one that would not stain garments.

They found it in Listerine—which is, after all, the ideal deodorant. Thousands of men and women will be grateful to us for passing this suggestion along. Try Listerine this way some day when you don't have time for a tub or shower. See how clean and refreshed it makes you feel.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.* * * * * *Makers also of Listerine Tooth Paste and Listerine Throat Tablets.*

LISTERINE

—The safe antiseptic



Only an Autocar could do this job!

To dump loads in the mixer it was necessary to back up the incline (shown at the right) and turn at right angles (as above) with only inches to spare. Autocar short wheelbase handiness saves time and space everywhere and makes possible deliveries in just such places which would otherwise be inaccessible.

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The General And His Sweetie

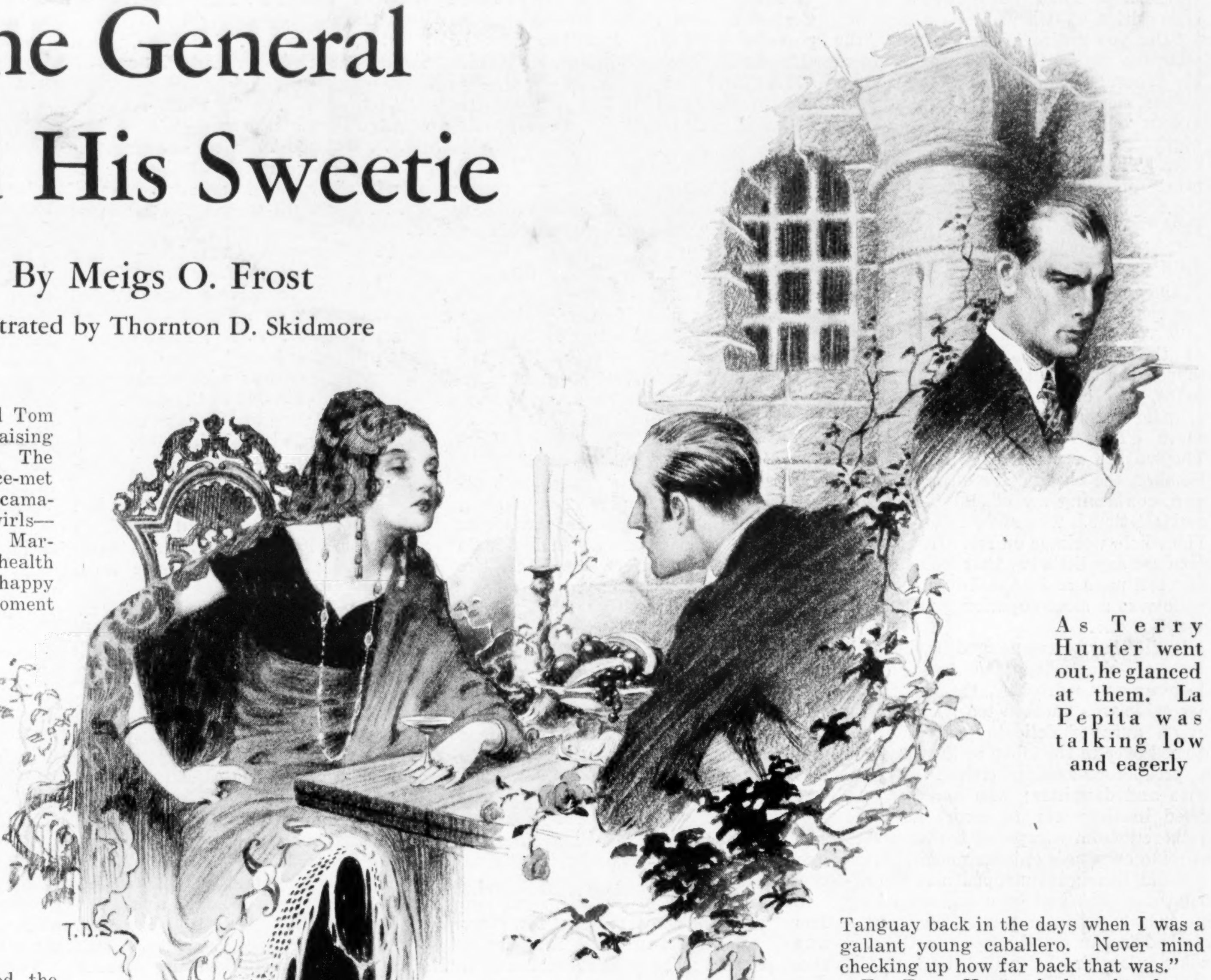
By Meigs O. Frost

Illustrated by Thornton D. Skidmore

"SALUD y pesetas!" grinned Tom Costello, the gun runner, raising his slim-stemmed glass. The other three of the chance-met quartet—friends all, in the swift camaraderie of scenes where action swirls—lifted the perfectly blended dry Martinis and drank the old toast to health and wealth, happy prelude to the happy dinner on which the chef that moment was at work.

It was a gay Vera Cruz that buzzed about them.

The revolution was in the cheering stage—yet. On the walls all over the ancient seaport where Cortez burned his ships centuries before, and where, only a few short weeks before, Adolfo de la Huerta had burned his bridges behind him, gleamed freshly painted inscriptions black against encircling red and white and green: "Abajo la Imposicion! Viva Don Adolfo!"



As Terry Hunter went out, he glanced at them. La Pepita was talking low and eagerly

Happy young swaggerers trod the Plaza de la Constitucion; lounged through the portales and the lobbies of the Imperial and the Diligencia, brave in their self-chosen uniforms of white or dove-breasted gray, of dark green or light-washed khaki. Spurs clinked on polished riding boots. Pearl-handled six-shooters and automatics peeped from holsters sagging from burdened cartridge belts.

Dusk was gathering about the dome of the old gray cathedral, shrouding the age-greened bronze bells that chimed from time to time musically, high above the squat trees.

In the kiosk in the Plaza's center, strung with lights flickering like fireflies, a band was playing. Softly, thrillingly sounded the slinky, shivery slides of "*La Paloma*" as only a Mexican band can play it.

"Home was never like this, boys!" grinned Costello, as the quartet took it all in, with hungry eyes fresh from the states. "Let's have another."

They had another.

THEN, just as the delicate little Campeche oysters came to table, reposing in their beds of crushed ice, the four men saw him. And her.

The quaint, old-fashioned, slow-moving lift of the Imperial, in its open skeleton-work structural iron cage like a miniature Eiffel tower, stark in the hotel's rotunda, came creaking down to the ground floor. Out of it stepped the pair of them, attended by a group of the happy young swaggerers, evidently his staff.

They moved, he ponderously, she like a breeze-wafted feather, across the tiled lobby with its high, cool, blue-washed walls.

He was in the khaki uniform of field service, the golden gola of active duty about his neck, his Sam Browne and his boots of rich Cordovan leather glinting back the lights. She was in clinging white.

Stocky of build he was, rough-blocked, and swarthy, dark of face. She, with the great carved comb of the tortoise-shell of La Paz in her high-piled blue-black hair, with the flame of hibiscus peeping from behind her ear—she was a vision of provocative loveliness. The eyes of the quartet followed her face discreetly—finely-carved, dead-white, eyes like great pools of soft darkness. Very discreetly, for one does not stare openly at escorted loveliness—not in Vera Cruz.

The escort of happy young swaggerers saluted stiffly, and went their ways. One of the youngsters paused a moment as he reached the corner of a column of the portale, and shot a swift look back at her. The faintest flicker of her eyes acknowledged the tribute. The broad back of him who sat at table with her was turned. He did not see.

"Beauty and the Beast!" whispered Marcel de Livaudais, one of the four, French aviator, now soldier-of-fortuning where action beckoned. "Who are they?"

HE LOOKED at Wilson Carter, vanila-bean buyer, veteran of many years and long travels in Mexico.

"You don't know?" questioned Carter with the raised eyebrows of surprise. "Why, that's The General and His Sweetie." Then he smiled. "Oh, I forgot. Your boat only got in this week. Haven't had time to give 'em all the double-o. Permit me to identify for you—the lady first—'Place aux dames!' as that dear Paris of yours says, Marcel—El Señorita Pepita Oropeza and El General Pineda del Rodriguez. To be perfectly conventional and accurate, General and Mrs. del Rodriguez, now."

"Oh," said Terry Hunter, the American war correspondent, "they're my neighbors, then. I saw that old bird go into the room next to mine this afternoon."

"You haven't been up to Mexico City lately," Carter the informed took up the conversation again, "or you'd recognize La Pepita when you saw her, quick as Broadway would have recognized Eva Tanguay back in the days when I was a gallant young caballero. Never mind checking up how far back that was."

For Terry Hunter had produced pencil and paper and started to jot down dates, with a reflective eye.

"Dance!" Carter became mildly ecstatic. "Man, man! she doesn't dance. She floats. Up in the city she had more suitors than Ford has flivvers. The general was among those present, all right enough. But La Pepita was favoring a young aviator officer, Major Lopez Davila. Fine, clean-cut youngster; Chapultepec graduate, attaché at Paris a while—all that sort of thing. Then she and the baby major had a quarrel over something. And then the Revolution busted right smack in everybody's face, when Don Adolfo was routed out of bed at 3 a. m. by a little group of his friends who tipped him that next morning Obregon was going to nail him on all the charges from arson to mayhem. So Don Adolfo comes down to Vera Cruz and beats Obregon to it. Teams up with General Guadalupe Sanchez. Now they're going to make December the Fifth a new national holiday, if the Revolution knocks a home run. Anyway, next day General Pineda del Rodriguez came along, and La Pepita came along with him, still packing her mad with her major. So she and the general were married in the old Cathedral just beyond the Plaza there."

The snapper throats came along at this juncture and the claret with them. Both were rendered perfectly useless.

"So," resumed Carter, with a noble and sweeping gesture—he had done fullest justice to that exceptional claret—"we men of the world are wondering why La Pepita tied the can, as the musical Spanish idiom has it—to Major Lopez Davila, who is young, handsome, and richer than I'll ever get buying vanila beans. But here she is, all jake in her suite at the Imperial, and the general is basking in the smiles of beauty, as we poets put it."

"It looks like fine basking," chuckled Costello. "That baby would cause competition anywhere."

"Did you notice," asked Carter, "the yearning glance that young teniente of the general's staff hurled at her before, as the movie sub-title sobbers say, his ardent eyes faded out into the chill night? That boy is playing with dynamite. The general is the original love pirate on society's open seas, but he's the original love trust in his own back yard."

Carter heaved an opulent sigh and filled his glass again.

They pledged eternal brotherhood in the sparkling Burgundy.

"I vote," said Costello, a little later, as the cognac of Señor Hennessey topped the tiny custards and the black coffee, "we charter one of those two-cylinder deep-sea-going droshkies and shove off to the Teatro Variedades. They've got a peach of a show there. Hombre, the check. It's on me, gentlemen, confirming my official forecast at cocktail time. The show is on me too. The whole works is on me. If you children see any little toy that looks pretty, just tell papa and papa'll buy it."

He was a most superior gun runner, was Costello.

While they were engaged in the business of chartering the two-cylinder deep-sea-going droshky, the other dinner table was vacated too. La Pepita, in an aura of delicate perfume, was turned over in the lobby to the hands of a prosperous-looking citizen and his wife and daughter; who had just arrived in their car, to escort her, one gathered from scraps of conversation, to some evening's entertainment. General del Rodriguez stepped into the official car that had been summoned by his orderly. Silent, swarthy, his square-blocked face as emotionless as a Chinese poker player's, he rolled toward the light-gemmed stretch of the Malecon, the harbor promenade. At its end gleamed on high the great star of the Faros—the lighthouse in whose office, at the foot of the tall tower, Don Adolfo, supreme chief of the Revolution, sat in council with his generals and ministers.

Terry Hunter looked about him as he stood on the curb, waiting for their car.

"And they call this a war," he grinned.

"Don't you worry, buddy," sounded Costello's voice at his elbow. "Looks peaceful and happy, doesn't it. But the old stuff's here. You're in Mexico again. And war in Mexico—well,—it's war in Mexico, old timer. Keep that pasted in your hat, and don't forget it."

THE bed was too infernally soft, Terry Hunter found. When you've been rolling in a blanket on bare ground, with an occasional canvas cot the height of luxury, springs, mattress, sheets and comforter *will* feel that way at first.

He tossed a bit. He rose and drank the split of mineral water he had had sent up when he retired. He lit a cigarette. It was something considerably after midnight he knew, though the gay night life of Vera Cruz doesn't crowd the dawn as in New York. Confound it, his watch had stopped!

At last he seated himself in the bentwood rocker by the tall French window, its hinged shutters wide, that gave from his second-floor room out on his little private balcony fronting the Plaza. The breath of breeze was cooling.

Presently he heard a motor car roll up to the entrance below. Then, as he sat there in pajamaed relaxation, inhaling the sharp fragrance of the Mexican tobacco, he heard the unlocking of the door of the next room, followed by the slight creak that told of shutters being pushed open on the little private balcony that adjoined his own.

The room next to his! The suite where El General Pineda del Rodriguez and La Pepita were honeymooning. And the general was back from the late night council at the Faros.

Curiously clear in the still night air from their balcony only a few feet away, echoed scraps and fragments, short phrases more or less disconnected, of their low-voiced talk. The liquid bird song of La Pepita's voice; the gruff staccato Spanish of the general.

". . . But why the worry?"

"Obregon and that devil of determination, Plutarcho . . . no fools those . . . troops massed—from the Jalisco front. . . . Estrada there seems retiring—or content to hold his own without advance. . . . They will smash through to Esperanza, they hope—down through the mountain passes . . . the line open to Vera Cruz—"

". . . But you . . . stop them. That narrow pass at Esperanza . . . or Maltrata—"

"Cartridges short! That accursed embargo norteamericano—"

". . . But the long trestle across the gorge. . . . Barranca de Matlac—or the bridge at Soledad. A little dynamite—"

". . . But until we get the dynamite . . . Cuba—"

". . . How soon do they start—"

". . . Who knows? They do not know whether we have the line mined or not. But, at that, we do not know—they may be moving now . . . if we had an airplane in good order—"

Terry Hunter was wide-awake now. He grinned to himself in the dark.

"La Pepita sure would make Beatrice Fairfax happy," he told himself. "Believes in taking an interest in her beloved's business affairs, all right!"

He stretched out silently on the bed that was too soft. He could rest, if he couldn't sleep. Dawn found him there, still awake, a litter of cigarette stubs on the onyx-topped bedside table. Lord, what a story! Each side playing bluff and blind-man's buff with the other. Vera Cruz at the mercy of some sharp, swift raid, its land gateway not even mined, guarded by troops short of cartridges.

But that story had to go out by boat in the hands of a friendly ship captain. Never get that on the official wireless. Cable silenced by Obregon long since.

He stood beneath an icy shower and toweled vigorously. He drank the steaming café con leche that had come to his bedside at his ring, and sat down to his portable. There was a boat leaving for New Orleans that morning.

Vera Cruz drowsed over its siesta, its shop doors padlocked, its streets empty. In the shaded portale of the Imperial Terry Hunter sat at a white table, sipping a long, iced, satisfactory drink. With him were De Livaudais and Carter. Costello, the gun runner, had sailed that morning.

Peons slept peacefully on the benches in the plaza beneath the dusty trees. All was as it should be at siesta-time.

"So quiet and peaceful it isn't real, is it?" said Hunter, as he tilted his glass.

Then the trio at the table looked up at a sudden stir. Through the sun-drenched street a peon ran, shouting. Instantly, it seemed the plaza was filled with an excited throng, chattering shrilly, looking skyward.

"Que paso, hombre?" called Hunter to a barefooted peon who stood gazing outside the portale. "What's up?"

"Aeroplano, señor," answered the barefooted one.

DRINKS deserted, the trio rushed out into the merciless sun. Long before the droning hum of the motor came to their ears, they saw it, a speck against the bright blue. High it was, swooping smoothly down in a long and slanting drive from the heights to which it had been forced to rise to clear the peaks of the Orizaba Range—that last mountain barrier inland beyond the hills that slope away to the tall sand dunes that in turn level out to the broad beach at Vera Cruz.

"Is he bombing the town or on a social visit, I wonder?" asked Hunter.

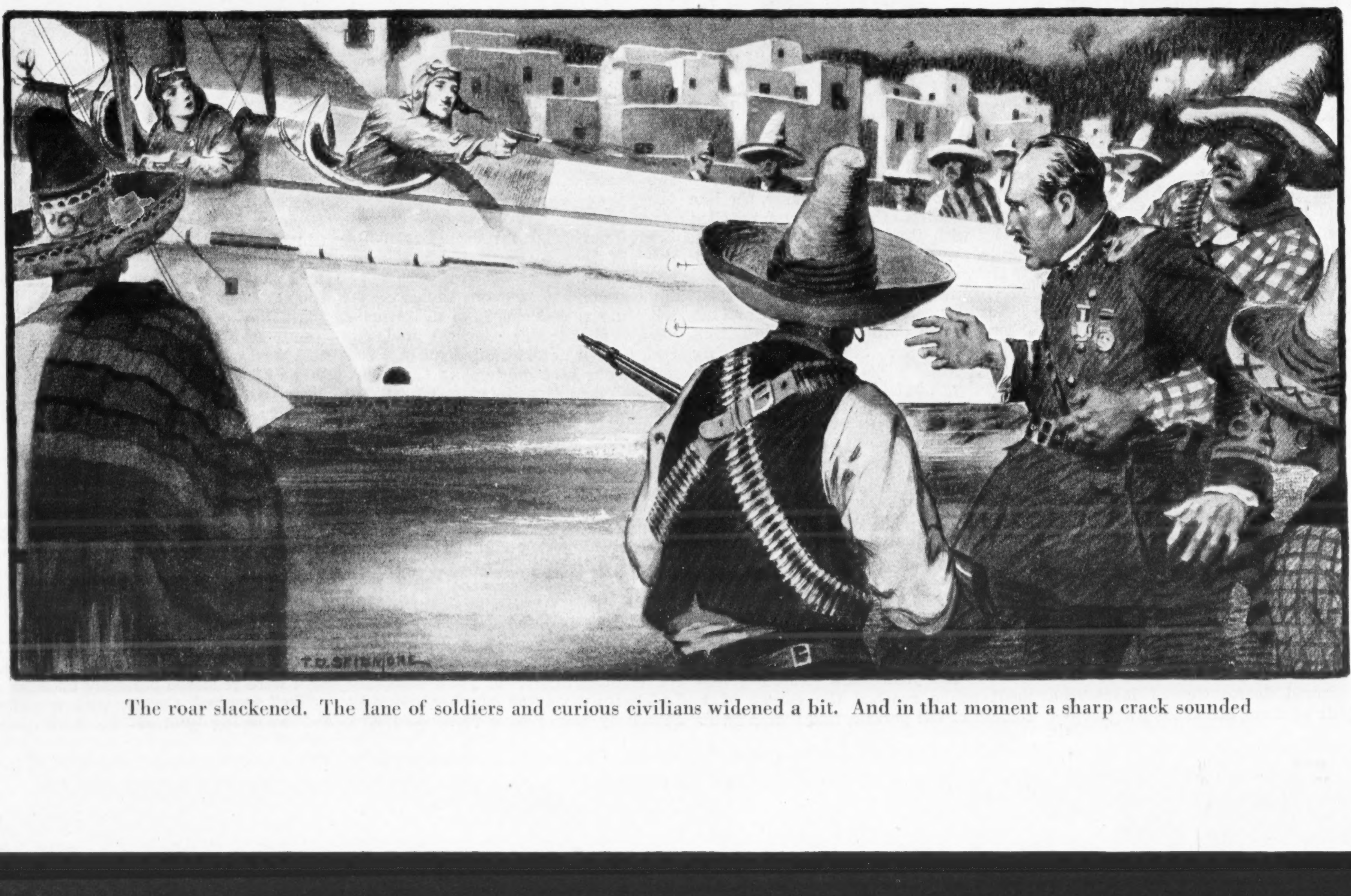
De Livaudais's brows were knit with puzzlement.

"There's only one spot he can land, if he's going to land," he said. "That's down on the beach. And it's the safest place if he's doing any bombing." Then the little Frenchman sprang to sudden life. "Ho, hombre! Speed there, my little man! Come hither!" He shouted fiercely at the driver of a rent car who had been drowsing in the shade of a wall, and had just been awakened by the clamor that now filled the streets.

They clambered aboard as the car rolled up.

They sped down the Avenida de Independencia, swung around past terminal offices and power plant, whirled through the soft sand by the sea wall.

Theirs was (*Continued on page 27*)

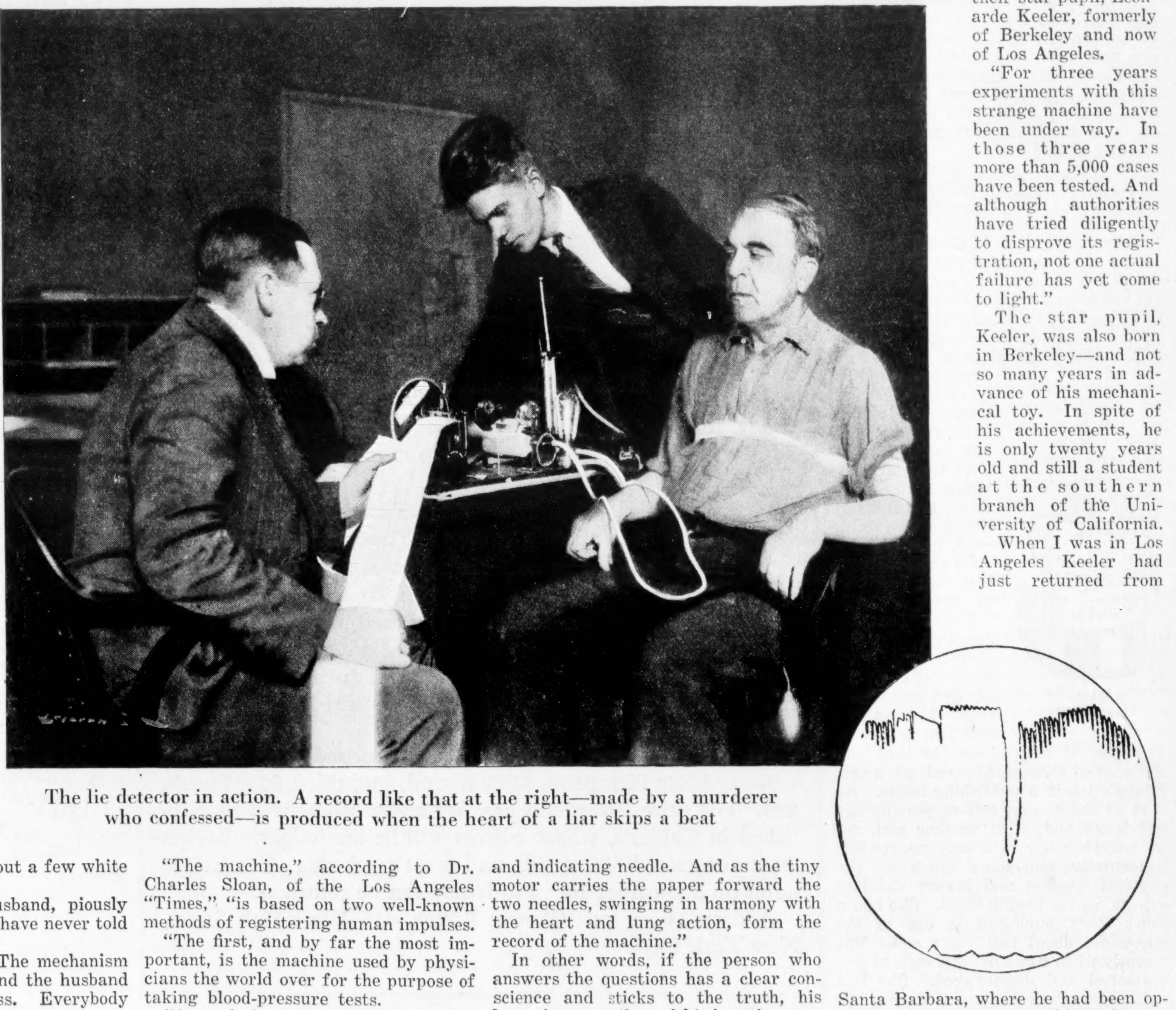


The roar slackened. The lane of soldiers and curious civilians widened a bit. And in that moment a sharp crack sounded

The Future Looks Dark For Liars

For Those Scientific Men Now Have a Lie Detector That Actually Works

By Frederick L. Collins



The lie detector in action. A record like that at the right—made by a murderer who confessed—is produced when the heart of a liar skips a beat

ONE of the funniest scenes in the funniest show in New York—The Charlot Revue—shows a farcical husband and wife in the grip of a lie detector: a mechanical doll so delicately attuned to the waves of thought and sound that it dances when it "hears" a lie.

The husband suspects that the wife has been lunching with another man. The wife *has* been lunching with another man. The old professor tells the husband how he can establish the fact beyond a doubt. The wife enters. The professor exits, leaving the couple alone with the doll.

"My dear," says the husband, "where did you lunch?"

"At my club." The doll begins to dance.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course, I'm sure." The doll jazzes violently.

"Alone?"

"Yes, dear." The doll does a hula-hula! The husband, infuriated, turns to the wife: "You've been lying to me ever since you came into this room!"

"Who are you," she retorts, "to complain about a few white lies?"

"I?" answers the husband, piously extending his chest. "I have never told a lie in my life."

The doll goes mad. The mechanism explodes. The room—and the husband—dissolve into darkness. Everybody laughs.

I laughed all the way from New York to California—and then I stopped laughing. For I found myself in the presence of just such a machine—a lie detector that really worked; that had already sent one man to prison for life, and was engaged, when I saw it, in convicting another—on his own, unsupported, but indisputable evidence.

The California lie detector is free from dancing dolls or other vaudeville features. When its young inventor calls it the emotiograph, and begins to talk about sphygmo-manometers and pneumographs and amplified pulsations; when so recognized a criminologist as Chief Vollmer of the Los Angeles police force not only uses the machine but vouches for its accuracy in detecting the guilty and protecting the innocent; when you see the actual records of the machine's reactions (records on which hard-headed jurymen have unhesitatingly voted for conviction); when you see the machine itself in the process of recording your own innocent emotions, you realize that you are face to face with a scientific and practical discovery of terrifying magnitude—a factor which should make crime difficult, perhaps impossible.

"The machine," according to Dr. Charles Sloan, of the Los Angeles "Times," "is based on two well-known methods of registering human impulses.

"The first, and by far the most important, is the machine used by physicians the world over for the purpose of taking blood-pressure tests.

"Around the arm or leg is clamped a rubber bladder concealed in a cloth bandage. When this is placed, a bulb pump forces air into the bladder, distending it. This cuts blood circulation to some extent; and the pulse, beating against the bladder walls, creates a fluctuating pressure within the bladder and a similar fluctuating air current in a tube which leads from it to a series of very sensitive rubber diaphragms, to the last of which is fastened an infinitesimal wire.

"The other end of the wire is attached to a delicate indicating arm and on the end of the arm is a tiny pen. This pen writes on a slow-moving strip of paper the record of the heart test.

"As the heart beats the diaphragms pulse backward and forward in sympathy with the pulse pressure. Any reaction either in increase or decrease of that pressure, no matter how minute, is likewise reflected in a much amplified form by the indicating needles.

"The second method of registration makes use of the pneumograph—or lung tester—also well known in medical annals.

"An airtight rubber tube is tied tightly around the chest, and is connected by a smaller tube to a chamber and indicating needle. And as the tiny motor carries the paper forward the two needles, swinging in harmony with the heart and lung action, form the record of the machine."

In other words, if the person who answers the questions has a clear conscience and sticks to the truth, his heart beats easily and his breath comes regularly. Under these circumstances the little pen writes evenly and merrily. If the victim suddenly registers fear or shame or even embarrassment, the heart skips and the breath fluctuates, and if, as a result, he lies, the pen jazzes like the dancing doll. At this point the operator of the machine flashes a red light. This indicates to everybody in the room that the answer is a lie.

No Failures Thus Far

AN OLD criminal was being examined in regard to a suspect who had just been arrested. The convicted man had no interest in the other fellow's fate. He should worry—so he told all he knew. Suddenly the inquisitor asked him a leading question about his own case. The little pen jumped right off the sheet! That's the way the lie detector works; the way it is working in Chief Vollmer's campaign against Los Angeles's highly advertised crime wave.

"The lie detector," continued Dr. Sloan, "was born in Berkeley, Cal. Among its sponsors were Dr. Herman M. Adler and Dr. John Larson, now of the Division of Criminology, Department of Public Welfare, Chicago, and their star pupil, Leonarde Keeler, formerly of Berkeley and now of Los Angeles.

"For three years experiments with this strange machine have been under way. In those three years more than 5,000 cases have been tested. And although authorities have tried diligently to disprove its registration, not one actual failure has yet come to light."

The star pupil, Keeler, was also born in Berkeley—and not so many years in advance of his mechanical toy. In spite of his achievements, he is only twenty years old and still a student at the southern branch of the University of California.

When I was in Los Angeles Keeler had just returned from Santa Barbara, where he had been operating his machine for thirty-six continuous hours in the successful effort to indict the suspected murderers of John J. McGuire, an aged blacksmith in the little town of Los Olivos. He had with him, as the chief tangible reward for his labor, a copy of the Santa Barbara "Daily News" crediting his lie-detecting machine with full responsibility for the confession of a suspect on which the district attorney felt he was warranted in issuing murder charges. A very proud, tired, keen-eyed young man, Leonarde Keeler!

"The first model of the lie detector—I call it the emotiograph—was very crude," explained the youthful inventor. "It occupied a whole table six feet in length. Instead of a tape it registered on a smoke drum—we had to smoke up the drum at each test.

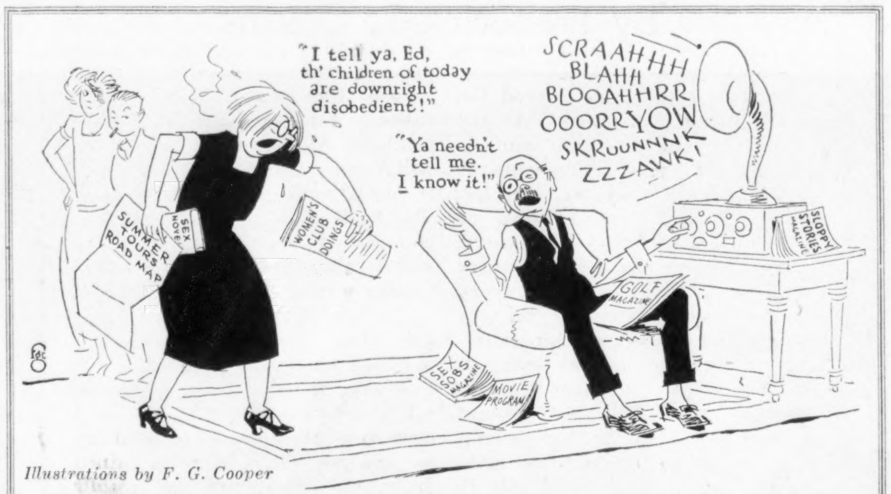
"Yet it worked—and worked well. We never found it to err. Then Chief Vollmer suggested many improvements which were promptly put into effect. And bit by bit, as we worked on it, the present machine was evolved. It will be better some day."

The criminal records of southern California contain many solemn evidences of the fact that the little machine is even

(*Continued on page 26*)

What Has Happened to Home?

By William Johnston


"I tell ya, Ed, th' children of today are downright disobedient!"
"Ya needn't tell me. I know it!"
SCRAAHHHH BLAHH BLOOAHHRR OOORRYOW SKRUUNNNK ZZZAWK!
SUMMER TOURS ROAD MAP
SEX NOVEL
WOMEN'S CLUB DOINGS
GOLF MAGAZINE
SLOPPY STORIES MAGAZINE
SEX SOBS MAGAZINE
MOVIE PROGRAM

Illustrations by F. G. Cooper

$200 in Prizes for "Home" Letters

Mr. Johnston has been looking into American homes. He suspects they're not what they ought to be. He says the trouble is:

1. Too little discipline
2. Too little reading
3. Too much gadding
4. Too much drinking

He thinks people were better in the days of back-yard croquet and tennis, taffy pulls in the kitchen, family reading by the open fire. He wonders if he's merely "old-fashioned"? Is he, or is family life in this country breaking down?

Collier's would like to get the result of the observation and thought of its readers. Mr. Johnston has had his say. Here's *your* chance.

For the best letters on "What Has Happened to Home?" we will pay $200: First prize, $100; second, $50; third, $25; fourth, $25. The prize letters and possibly a few others will be published in Collier's, whose editors will be the judges. Letters must not exceed 500 words, and must reach this office before noon on September 16. No letters can be returned.

Address them to: Contest Editor, 416 West 13th Street, New York City.

HOME in America these days is getting to be the place that every member of the family tries to get away from as much and as often as he can.

Reckless and iconoclastic though this statement may sound to you, before you attempt to dispute it I want you to read and reflect on the incidents I am going to record here—significant little side lights on American home life as it is lived to-day. It was the consideration of these incidents that prompted the heading of this article.

There is, of course, nothing new nor unusual about boys wanting to get away from home. They have been doing it for countless generations. Their inherited migratory instincts have resulted in all countries and all times in the young males setting out to see what the world had to offer them in the way of adventure, eventually to settle down in new homes of their own.

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE
PRIVATE FAMILY STOCK
BOOTLEG HOOCH

The latest in Home Ties

But to-day the girls, as well as the boys, are eager to leave home, not for matrimony and a home of their own, but for a career. The lure of economic independence, the idea of living a free existence, untrammeled by parental control, has laid hold on them.

I met the other day a girl who was graduated four years ago from one of the big universities. It was her ambition to become a writer of fiction, and to that end she studied stenography and got a secretary's job in a publishing house. As soon as she became self-supporting she left home and, with another girl, set up housekeeping in a tiny apartment, incidentally sacrificing much of the physical comfort and luxury she had enjoyed in the family home. She had a short story published in one of the magazines about two years ago. But recently when I met her she seemed disheartened and discouraged. She had written several more short stories, but none of them had found a publisher.

"And on top of that," she added bitterly, "I have lost my job and have been unable to find another. It's terrible. I have had to go back home."

Think of it! A girl of twenty-four finding it "terrible" to have to live at home. That any American girl could have in her mind any such conception of home seemed to me appalling.

As it happens, I know something about this girl's home. Her father is a prosperous tradesman, owning a fourteen-room house in a nice residential district. There is a piano, a phonograph, a library, and two maids are employed to do the work. The father sent both of his daughters to college—or, rather, permitted them to go—and gave them a liberal allowance while they were there. One of the daughters married happily soon after leaving college, but the other, having acquired notions that all women ought to be economically independent, the day after she was twenty-one refused to accept any allowance and struck out for herself, remaining away from home, except for a weekly visit, until the loss of her job forced her return.

"What," I asked her curiously, "do you find so terrible about home?"

"Oh, I don't know," she answered. "It's my father, I guess. He has such old-fashioned ideas about things."

Perhaps her father has. I have aften discussed matters with him. He dislikes to see women rouging, and he rather disapproves of bobbed hair. He thinks that the principal job of every girl ought to be to get a nice husband and start raising a family. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, too, for in most things I find myself agreeing with him.

But parents, as well as the girls and boys, are deserting their homes. This was brought home to me last summer. On a motor trip through a prosperous country town I happened to remember that I knew a family living there and decided to pay them a call. The man owns a thriving factory. The charming family consists of father, mother, two boys, and a girl. They occupy a big comfortable house, surrounded by spacious grounds, with a garage, a garden, and a playhouse. When I visited them several years ago the place was a regular menagerie with the children's pets, dogs, cats, rabbits, birds, and a pony. It seemed to me that this family's life represented the ideal of the American home.

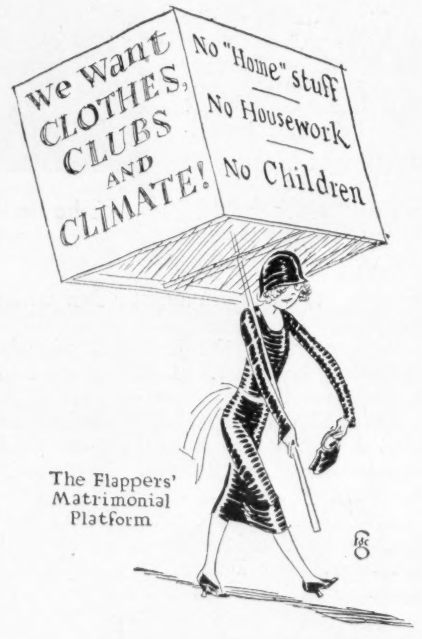
"Oh, Mo—m! Where's that book we had? I wanna put it on th' table. I gotta highbrow callin' t'night."

This time, as we drove up, the place had a deserted air, most of the windows being closely shuttered. There was no one at home but a housekeeper. The children, she explained, were away at camp for the summer. Their mother was off on a three weeks' motor trip with some friends, and during her absence the husband was living at the golf club.

Home! A home with nobody in it. Two boys, one eight and the other twelve, each off at a different camp in the care of strangers. A girl, fourteen, away at a girls' camp. What about this wonderful influence of home life that we used to hear about, that used to be commended so highly as of vital value in the formation of character? I could not help wondering if these three children were getting their fair share of it.

Then, too, in the big city in which I happened to live, I have often been impressed with the fact that but little of the family's amusements seem to center in home life. In the evenings and on Sundays I see the streets of New York filled with vast crowds, roaming about trying to find something to amuse them. The people look for their good times, not in the home, but at the movies, at the beaches, in the theaters, at the dance halls or in the restaurants and cabarets.

Was it, I wonder, a better home life when the youngsters used to play croquet and tennis in the back yard, when in the evenings they used to gather with their friends in the kitchen for a taffy pull, when the family were wont to gather around a big open fire and father or mother would read aloud to the family from some interesting book or magazine?

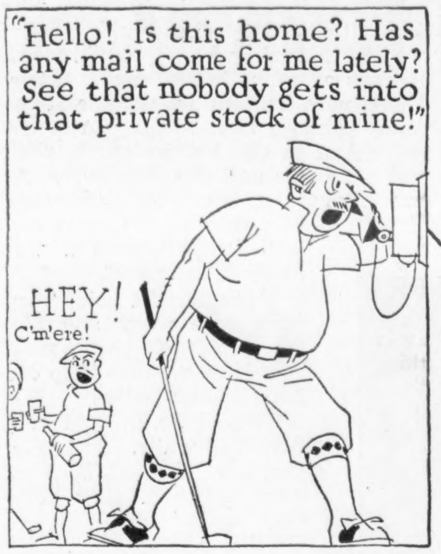


The Flappers' Matrimonial Platform

Perhaps some one will comment that in the metropolis, with its flats and apartments, there never has been nor can be any real home life, anyhow. Such comment undoubtedly has a basis of truth. High rents in New York and other American cities have forced families to live in congested quarters. In one of the poorer sections of New York a recent investigation discovered eleven persons living in two rooms. Any sort of proper home life under such housing conditions is impossible.

But even among the well-to-do in the cities there seems to exist a deplorable tendency to abandon the home for hotel life. The scarcity of servants is generally the excuse advanced. Whatever the reason, the apartment hotels of New York are the only homes that many boys and girls know.

Yet I am by no means certain that the conditions of home life are any better in the smaller cities and in the towns. I spent several days recently in

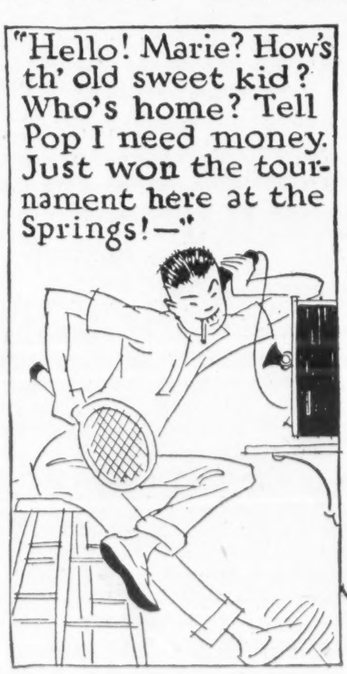

"Hello! Is this home? Has any mail come for me lately? See that nobody gets into that private stock of mine!"
HEY!
C'm'ere!

a small town. Virtually every evening most of the family I was visiting bundled into the car and went to the movies. It was not unusual for them to take in the early performance at one theater and the second performance at the other. Between the motion pictures, golf, the country club, and motoring, practically none of the families I met in that particular town seemed to spend any time at home, unless they had guests to dinner. The old-fashioned habit of some of the neighbors dropping in in the evening seemed to have lapsed entirely.

Recently, too, I talked with a bright young man whose home used to be in one of the smaller towns of Michigan. He has been living in Paris, where he represents a news-gathering association.

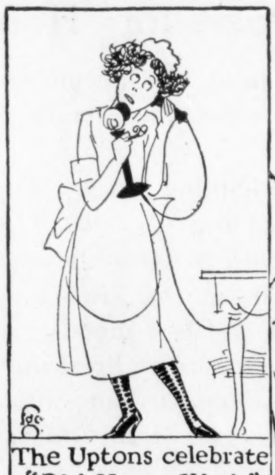
"The changes in American life in the last six years have been stupendous," he told me. "This is my first visit home in six years and I find myself appalled by what has happened. Prohibition had not come when I went away. But in the little town in Michigan where my people live, when I was a youngster, there were saloons, of course, but in my home there never was any liquor. None of us ever thought about it or talked about it or drank it. This time when I was home my family's proudest boast was that they had eighteen gallons of elderberry wine. Every place I visited people insisted on my drinking. It filled me with disgust for my own people to see the shameful expedients they resorted to to get around the prohibition laws.

"Then, too, I was amazed at the increased number of automobiles in use. Everybody seemed to have one. I have a relative who lives two miles from my home. In my boyhood we thought nothing of walking over to Uncle Henry's. But this time when I casually mentioned one morning that I thought I would walk over to see Uncle Henry, everybody seemed surprised. My family couldn't understand it. 'What do you want to walk for?' they said. 'We'll run you over in the car.' All America seems to have forgotten how to walk, or to recall that there is any pleasure in it."


"Hello! Marie? How's th' old sweet kid? Who's home? Tell Pop I need money. Just won the tournament here at the Springs!—"

Another phase of our existence recently impressed on me was the lack of permanency in the American home. In France not long since a prize was offered to the family who could show the longest continuous residence on the same plot of land. One farmer submitted documents which proved that his people had been farming the same acres for centuries.

Do enduring homes of that sort exist in America? In the cities—at least in the big city in which I live—the average family moves every two years. Make a list of your acquaintances and you'll be surprised to find how few of them have lived ten years in the same place. As you talk with the average man or woman of your acquaintance you'll hear: "When we were living in Duluth"—or Detroit, or Seattle, or Chicago. I suppose it is that this commercial country of ours is to blame, that every one is kept constantly on the move, seeking better opportunities. What can be done about it, I do not know. Whether it is advantageous or otherwise, I am not sure. All I know is that permanency of home seems to be lacking in American life—not only in the cities but in the country as well. All through New England can be found deserted farms that were once homes of families, and in the West too there is a constantly changing tenancy of farms.


The Uptons celebrate "Old Home Weak"

Furthermore, there seems to be a desire on the part of every one to get away from home as much as possible. The custom of taking a summer trip has become practically universal. People leave comfortable homes, where they can be sure of nourishing food well-cooked, and rush off to summer hotels and boarding houses, to sleep on uncomfortable beds, in badly furnished rooms, and eat wretchedly cooked meals, coming mostly from tin cans, served by incompetent help on the lookout for tips. Anything to get away from home.

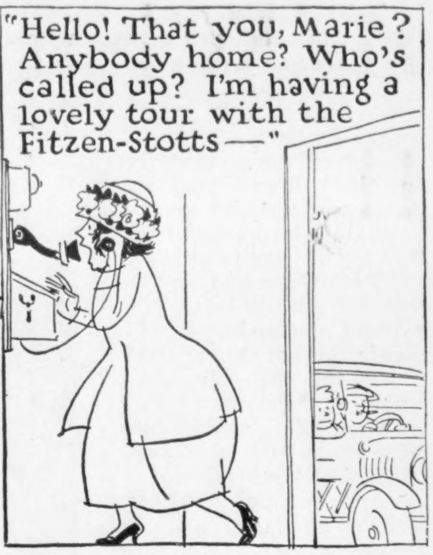
But, as I said, not only are the American young people of to-day eager to get away from the family roof tree, to camps, to summer hotels, to business, but the same restlessness seems to possess the fathers and mothers.

In the cities and towns the social life of the head of the family now centers around the golf club or the country club. There may be fathers left who spend most of their evenings at home trying to make it an attractive place for their children, taking advantage of the evening's leisure to try to inspire a taste in their progeny for good books and good music, but they are few and far between. Talking not long since with the head master of a boys' school, I learned that the greatest evil he had to contend with was the lack of home life, and I can easily believe it.

"Parents these days seem to spend most of their time away from home," he complained.

While I was cogitating over the conditions that these incidents seemed to typify I happened on an article by a woman who proudly said that more than twenty million American women belong to organizations. Now, as I have hinted before, I probably am somewhat old-fashioned in my views, like the college girl's father. I never have had a particularly high opinion of the effectiveness of women's societies. It has always seemed to me that about all any of them ever accomplished was to further the social ambitions of some particular woman or group of women and to provide a secretary's salary for somebody's relative. Maybe I am wrong about this, but look over the annual reports of a lot of these organizations, as I have recently been doing, and try to analyze the results attained from the viewpoint of public service. Although women have had the franchise for several years, you will find that most of the effective, forward-looking movements for public good are still in the hands of the men.

"Twenty million American women active in clubs and societies" does not thrill me in the least. It merely inspires me with a mild wonder as to what sort of homes these clubwomen run. Are their children receiving proper parental attention, or are they being turned over to hired and more or less ignorant servants to be reared? I have known a lot of clubwomen, and I have seen few whom I would consider ideal mothers or of the sort about whom a happy home life would center. A great many American women seem to be in open rebellion against the job that Nature created them for, and the worst part of it is the more educated and cultured they are the harder they rebel.


"Hello! That you, Marie? Anybody home? Who's called up? I'm having a lovely tour with the Fitzen-Stotts—"

But lest I seem too pessimistic, I must quote here from a letter I received recently from a woman, protesting about some things I had said about parents. The picture she presents is to me typical of what the American home should be, and I wish I could agree with her, that her words depict the average American home of to-day. She writes:

"We have four children—boys of twelve, ten, and four, and a girl of eight. Some ten years ago, when the three older ones were all babies, it was very difficult to secure help. Friends would often urge me to get a nurse girl, but I steadfastly maintained that I didn't want someone else to raise my children. That was *my* joy and privilege. I *would not* give up the care of the babies. And I am only a very ordinary mother, representative of the women of my acquaintance, and I believe of thousands of others.

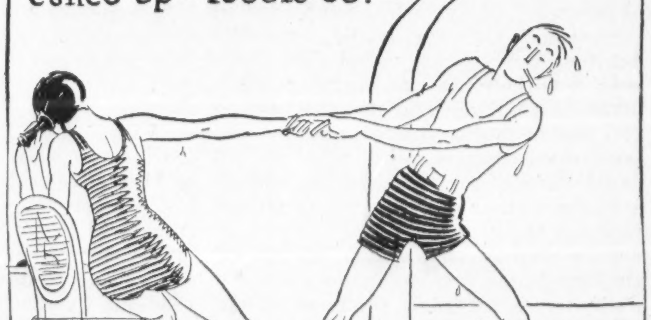
"I had not had training in raising babies or feeding them. But I gave up the reading and amusements that had been of especial interest to me, and studied child feeding and child psychology. As my children grew older, I read to them, after finding what were the best stories for them. And day after day I used all the time I could for their development and pleasure.

"I have refused invitations to afternoon parties and dinners, and have only gone out to social affairs *after they were in bed.*

"And again I want to remind you that I am speaking for thousands of others who have done the same, or much more, for their children.

"Neither are we ever too busy to answer questions to the best of our ability, or to look up what we don't know and answer later.

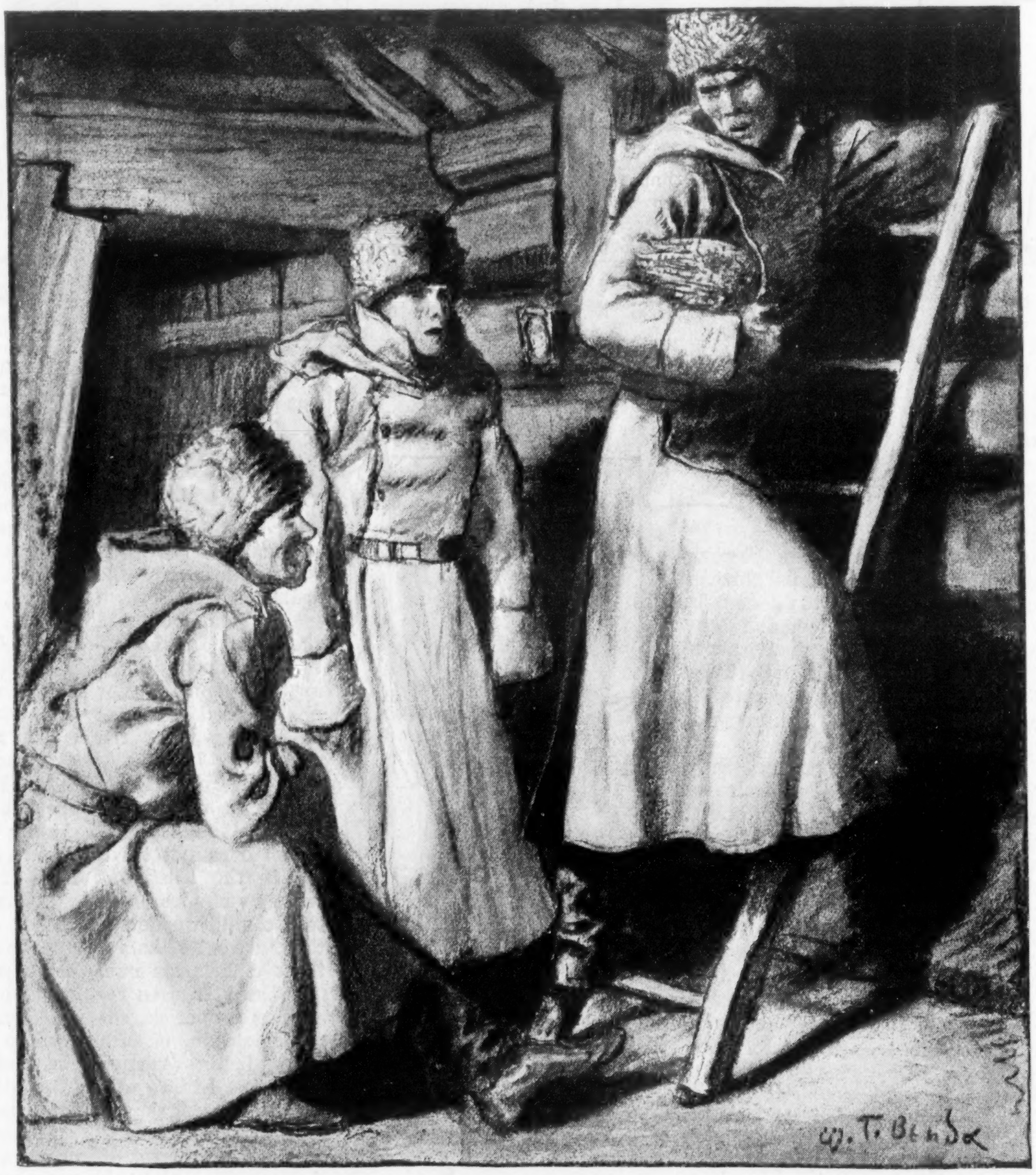
"We have refused to join the country club for the very reason that it seems to tend to (*Continued on page 32*)


"H'lo M'rie!-Anybody home?-Tell 'em I called up-Toodle-oo!—"

Coward's Courage

By M. L. C. Pickthall

Illustrated by W. T. Benda



"It is my rooster," Radomir said. "No one is to touch it"

DMITRI always told this story when the duchess was dressing his foot and the pain made him talkative.

"A story to make our Little Mother laugh," he always began.

"A very funny story indeed." His one visible brown eye, bright with pain and courage, smiled up at the duchess, incredibly simple, incredibly cunning. "I can tell a story well, old Achmetof knows that. Wait till I tell him this one, and see how he will laugh. And at the very end I will tell the lady what makes it so funny. And then she will laugh. She will laugh like old Achmetof, holding her hands—so—and beating with her boots on the floor.

"At the very end, I will tell the lady one thing that will make her die of laughing. Indeed, two things. But there are a lot of funny things that come first. The very first thing of all is funny, and that is, that I don't know where any of us were when it happened. I laugh over that myself, it is so very funny.

"It was a bare country. I don't know its name. I asked, but the people didn't understand; they talked with their mouths, so—tcha - tcha - tcha - tchee - tchee - tchee—like a cat.

"When I came in with the reserves and had my hair cut, my head felt bare as a peeled osier. It was not as bare as that country. It was a gray country, the color of old ice, plowed into furrows. No, they were not real furrows, just hills and valleys. It was all frozen hard. The earth rang under the pick as if it were all hollow underneath. When we had fires the earth would melt into little pools and puddles under the sticks, and when the fires burned low the sticks would freeze in these puddles and get stuck tight. A great pity, for sticks were not easily come by. There were thin trees that seemed to shiver all day and all night, like grass on the hilltops.

"We fought all the time, creeping forward, hiding, shooting. Or else creeping back. We had a rest sometimes when the big guns did all the fighting, and after, when there would be times of silence, as if everybody was too tired to go on. It was very cold, and often something went wrong and we didn't get our rations. At night, snipers would get into those thin, shivering woods on the hilltops that you wouldn't have thought big enough to hide a shrewmouse, and worry us. Snap, snap, snap, and a man gone. Our men would shoot too, but they were not very good shots; that was not their way of fighting: they liked to get close and use the butt or the bayonet. Yes, there's nothing like good wood or good metal, after all. At last I was sent to try and get one sniper, I and two other men; we were the best shots in the regiment.

"We were sent crawling up one of the long frozen furrows that were really valleys to a little hut that one of our officers had found. It commanded the valley. It was a very little place, hidden in holly bushes; no one else had seen it or noticed it. We had a telephone with us and food for two days. We were not to light a fire. From there we were to watch and find out where the snipers hid on the hill in front, and at a certain hour we were to report by telephone to the officer down the valley. It was all quite easy, except about keeping warm. But as soon as we got to the hut, we gave the command to Serge Constantinovitch, because he was a man of education. That was just among friends, you understand. We were all three friends.

"THAT'S funny too, for we had never seen each other before the war, and not one of us was alike. Here am I, no beauty, as you can see, even if I'm amusing; and a year ago Achinsk and Holy Moscow were one and the same to me. And there was Radomir (I don't know his other name), a very big man, who had been to Persia and used to cry over his sins for hours at a time; and then there was Serge Constantinovitch, the man of education. Education! To think of it! He had been a student. He had read all the books in the world, and could tell you things out of them, my word for it—things so beautiful that I have seen Radomir rocking himself to and fro with the tears hopping down his sheepskins with pure joy, as if he was in heaven.

"A little man too, like a white radish, with eyes like a girl's to make you happy or sad. 'In military matters we follow you,' says Radomir, coming to me the first morning, all in tears, 'but in all other things, let us do what Serge says, for he is as one that's seen God.' 'Vsoyo ravno', says I, 'I don't mind.' So we fixed it, because he knew so much. But he was too shy to order us about; he was only half our size, to begin with.

"It was not bad in that hut. If we had had a fire it would have been a prasnik, a holiday. We slept a lot, and at night we watched for the snipers.

"And then, do you believe it, another funny thing happened, almost as funny as what I shall tell you at the end. Yes, indeed. The enemy came on; our brothers had to go back. And they left us behind at the hut. Yes, there we were, the third morning, left behind and forgotten, with a field telephone that had no one at the other end of it, our rifles, not much ammunition, and no food at all to speak of; and the enemy had followed our men as they went back, so that they were behind us as well as in front of us. And there we were in the hut, and we couldn't move out.

"There was a funny thing Little Mother!

"It was Serge Constantinovitch who found it out. He told me quite quietly, not like Radomir, who wept and roared. He was a very brave man, Serge. There, now, I nearly let out one of the funny things I have to tell you at the end. And in the hut we sat huddled into our coats and talked it over. At least I let the other two talk, and when they were tired I spoke and settled it, because I was really in command.

"'Brothers,' I said, 'they have gone away and forgotten us, and here we must stay if we want to keep our souls in our bodies.'

"'Stay here, Dmitri?' said Serge, all white. And 'Yes, for sure,' I says, 'here we must stay till they come back again.'

"'For how long?'

"'How can I tell?' I says. 'Till they come back.'

"'They've gone,' he said, under his breath; 'we're here alone. Alone, we three.'

"'They'll come back,' I said, and it was quite true. You can push us back—isn't it so—miles and miles, across the earth, into the sea, but as soon as you stop pushing, we return. We always return. I told these two that when our men came back we would be here still.

"'Like that soldier of the Romans that I told Radomir about,' said Serge, flushing up, 'who was faithful to death.'

"'Maybe,' says I, 'necheevo, perhaps he had his reasons for staying, brother. I have mine. And they are, that we'll be safest so. The trouble is to find food in case they don't come back for some days.'

"'And if—?'

"'If they don't get back in time to find us alive, brother, they'll find us dead,' says I, and I lay down on my straw, because I had settled it. Serge, he began to shake like a stem, and that surprised me very much. He said: 'Oh, God!' and trembled like a piece of grass, staring all round the hut. Wasn't that funny? He was quite sick at the thought. And yet he was very brave—I know—I've seen him in a charge, red and singing like a drunken bridegroom.

"'There's about as much chance of their coming back in time to find us alive,' said Radomir, 'as there is of a sturgeon spawning in a hayfield. So I'd better think of my soul.' And he dried his eyes, borrows my icon, hangs it on an old nail, and down he goes before it, bending and beating his arms and roaring. 'Well,' thinks I, 'at least it keeps him warm.' And with that, having settled it, I go to sleep.

"ONCE or twice I woke up, and there was Serge, white and staring at the wall of the hut as if he saw through it with his girl's eyes; and there was Radomir, jerking up and down in front of my icon, his great face all wet with sweat and tears. A great way he was in about his soul. And he hadn't even got the name of the saint on my icon right either.

"In the morning I divided what food we had into little shares, very little shares; at night I was going out, or Radomir was going out, to see if we could catch a bird or snare a hare. We were afraid to shoot anything. We didn't know where the enemy was, you see, but when there was a frost fog or a mist, we made a little fire in the hut, and that was a great help.

"I was in command, and as I had divided the food, so I divided the time into watches. As I said, so we did; old Achmetof wouldn't have said I was good for nothing but grinning if he'd seen us then. But, after all, we were all three friends, and the others were good boys, very good boys.

"Sometimes I would wake while Serge and Radomir was on guard—wake up, you understand, just to have a look at them. I never found them asleep; Radomir would be groaning to himself over his soul, but softly, so as not to disturb me; he was the kindest soul, Radomir. And Serge Constantinovitch—well, he would be just sitting and staring, with the look on his face that means listening. Well, I suppose he was listening for our brothers to come back, but it was the funniest thing in those days to see how all other expressions went out of his face; nothing was left but the listening one. Yes, they were good boys, those two.

"THE first night Radomir crept out to see if he could find anything to eat. He was gone a long time. He came back crawling on his stomach with a bird's legs and white feathers sticking out from under his coat. As soon as he was in the hut he began roaring and making a great noise, he was so happy; he made just the same sort of roaring when he was pleased as when he was sorry. 'There'll be a meal all round on this old cock bird,' says he, wiping his eyes, 'but we'll keep him a few days till our hunger's worse, and then we'll have a regular prasnik. Come, little rooster, and I'll hang you in the larder. You shall roost there; you'll be nearer heaven.'

"At one end of the hut, opposite the door, there was a small place, a little shelf, a little cupboard under the roof. It had no door, and one climbed up to it by a little ladder of five or six rungs. Here I kept our shares of food; here Radomir hung his rooster. He carried it up under his coat, and hung it in the darkest corner of that little cupboard. 'That is mine,' said he, 'and no one is to touch it. But perhaps I'll give you some when the time comes, eh, brotners?' Well, he made a great point of our not interfering with his fowl, and he wouldn't tell us how he got it, and he kept pretending that he'd eat it all himself. All a joke, of course, and he and I laughed like anything, and I never even looked at the rooster. It was all his fun, you know. He was the kindest comrade, and merry when his soul was off his mind; he would have starved for our sakes.

"Well, we were soon very hungry, and though Radomir went out every night, except when I went out, we found nothing more to eat. Twice I said to him: 'To-morrow we'll have your rooster, brother,' and twice he said to me, hanging his head funnily, 'No, Dmitri, no, not to-morrow, not yet; we are not yet really starving. Let us wait till we are really dying of hunger, and then my old rooster shall save our lives.' I shall never forget those nights when we went out to find food—three, four, five—I don't know how many nights there were, but I know I crawled and crept at first, and then I didn't care if the enemy did see me and shoot me, and then I hoped they would, so long as they gave me a bread cake first.

"But there was no enemy even. It was all frozen, all empty, all silent, as if the country itself were dead, so long dead there was nothing but the bones of it. Yes, just bones. I found places where shells had fallen, all pitted in the hillside, all hard as stone; I found trenches, but nothing in them; I found things of iron, things of wood, things of cloth and leather, all buried and fixed in this frozen mud, but never anything to eat, not even—it is too funny to believe, but it's true—not even a dead horse. You understand, the cold made us weak; we could not go far enough to find things.

"The food we had with us was very nearly gone. I says to myself: 'I didn't think it would have lasted so well.' I looked at Radomir. His eyes were red; his cheeks were stretched tight over his bones, hard as china. 'Radomir,' I said, 'I'm your superior. As God sees you, what have you done with your rations?' Then, hanging his head, he told me—he had given some of them to Serge. 'Just a few crumbs,' he said. 'Serge never knew.' Serge had told him stories of saints and angels and a tree whose trunk was a sapphire and whose leaves were silver, and that never blossomed until the Lord Christ came and kissed it; then it blossomed. Radomir couldn't bear to think of a fellow with things like that in his head going hungry. 'But you are not to do it again,' I told him, and he promised so long as I wouldn't say anything to Serge. So I promised. It was no use saying anything to Serge, anyway; he just sat and listened. Sometimes we'd hear artillery, many versts away—hollow noises like thunder, rolling on and on, a hot sort of sound in the cold. But it never came any nearer; our brothers did not come back—not yet. Then I looked at the rooster, swinging, a bunch of dim feathers, in the corner of the cupboard place, and Radomir said: 'We'll eat him to-morrow,' It was time for our prasnik.

"THAT night I woke quick, all in a minute I was wide awake. It was Serge's watch. I could hear that Radomir still slept; sometimes he said, 'Gospody pomuilui, Gospody pomuilui,' like a priest at Easter, mourning over his sins even in his sleep; sometimes he snored; sometimes he called out names of men and women I did not know. I had never been so lonely in my heart. I sat up. I thought: 'I will speak to Serge, and ask him to tell me some of his tales, of the tree with the silver leaves that the Lord Christ kisses; of the woodman who caught a wood elf and kept it in a brandy bottle till it gave him seven wives, a black one for each working day and one as white as curds for Sundays.'

"Serge looked at me. I could see his face, white as the Sunday wife's. He was up the ladder. He had his head in the little cupboard place where all our food was. I spoke his name.

"What was in my voice I do not know. He came to me and put his knife into my hand and knelt at my feet; he spread his arms out—so. He said: 'If you believe that I have eaten, strike.' His throat was like a girl's. I said: 'Open your mouth.' He opened it; his teeth were clean; there were no crumbs on his tongue. I said: 'You are clean; your mouth is clean. But if you had eaten, Serge, I would have given you a harder death.' Then he said: 'I was tempted.' And I said: 'So was the Holy Redeemer, but He did not fall.' He said: 'Neither have I fallen. I was only feeling the breast of Radomir's rooster to see how fat it was.' Then I kissed him on the forehead, and he wept. And all the time Radomir was muttering in his sleep: 'Lord have mercy! Lord have mercy!' Then I slept again, too.

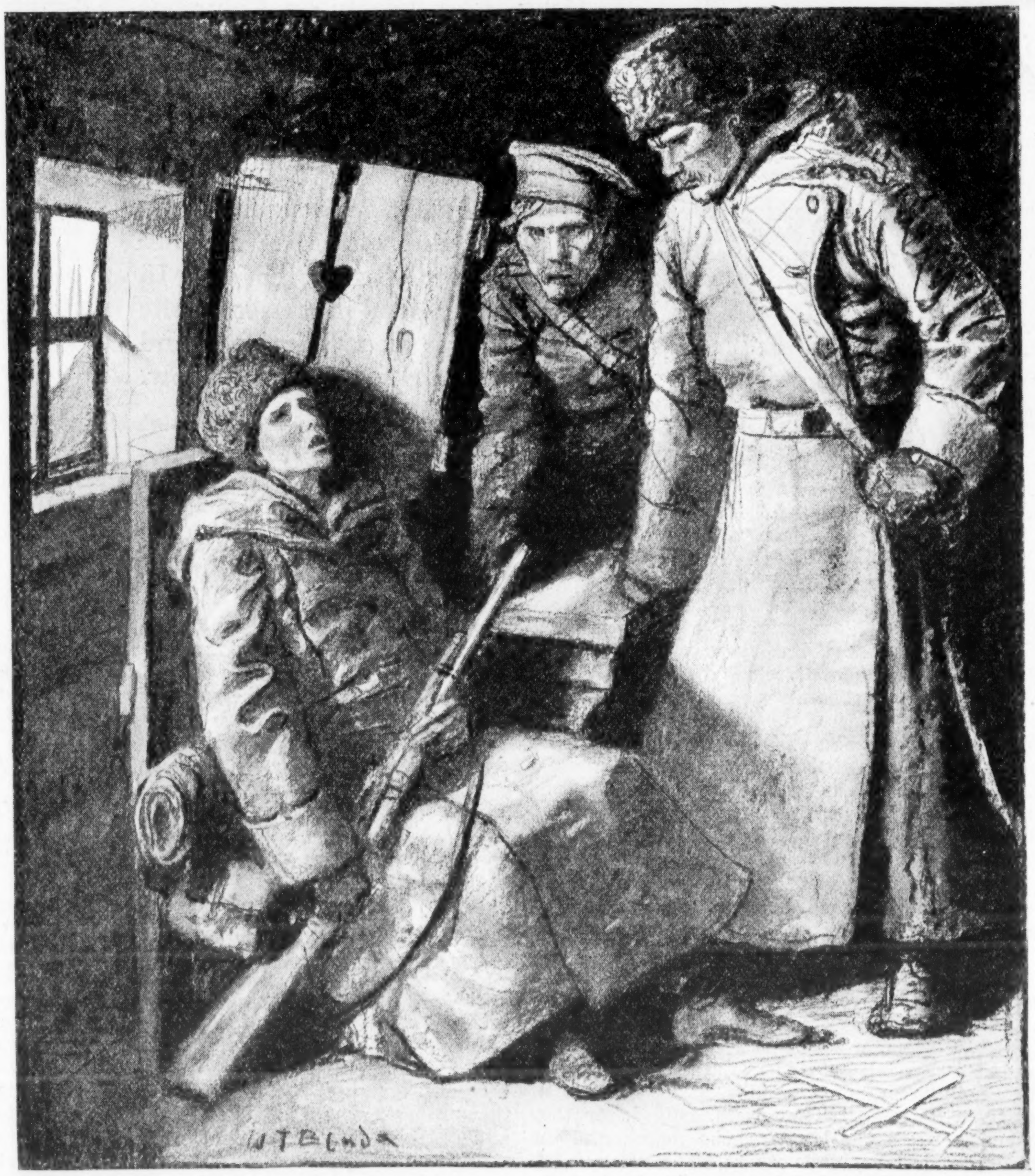
"I woke again. It was day. Radomir was on guard and Serge slept. He seemed to be weeping in his sleep, and sometimes he said: 'Oh, my brothers, my brothers!' I leaned over him, and I saw there were two or three little crumbs on his lips. Then I knew that Serge, our comrade, had fallen.

"I drew Radomir away outside the hut, and told him. It was very funny, as funny a thing as I've ever known. For I wasn't angry, and neither was Radomir. He groaned a great deal and said: 'It is my fault; if I had not eaten so much, the young one could have had more.' And I, I was in command. I could have shot Serge. But I didn't want to hurt a hair of his head. We were both of us as full of pity for the young one, the weak one, with all those beautiful things in his head, as a cabbage is full of leaves.

"Says I to Radomir, 'I'm in command, and if Serge knows I know, then I must punish him, for the sake of the regiment.' Well, there was a funny thing, but that's what I said. 'The only thing to do,' says I, 'is to make out we don't know.' And Radomir saw what I meant, though it's a very hard thing to explain, and he swore on the blessed Gospels that he'd never let Serge guess we knew what he'd done, and I swore the same. Then we went back to the hut. We were not angry. We felt as though Serge Constantinovitch, the little student who could not bear the hunger and cold, was our own son, who had done something cowardly and would soon be very sorry for it.

"We saw at once that he was sorry for it already. But in a matter of discipline that makes no difference, which is a funny thing; and I was his superior, so I could not say: 'I know and forgive, Serge Constantinovitch.' And we saw at once that he knew we knew.

"We saw it in his eyes. They were like an animal's that is going to be killed and knows it. Yes, he knew we knew. I heard Radomir turn his head away with a sort of groan and I said as cheerfully as I could: 'Come and sit down and eat, Serge.' It was very funny, very funny. I have never got it clear in my mind. Perhaps when I talk it over with old Achmetof I shall get it clear. I knew Serge was a brave man; it was funny he should do such a coward's trick, such a dirty trick. I felt as if he were my child. I said: 'Come and sit (*Continued on page 26*)

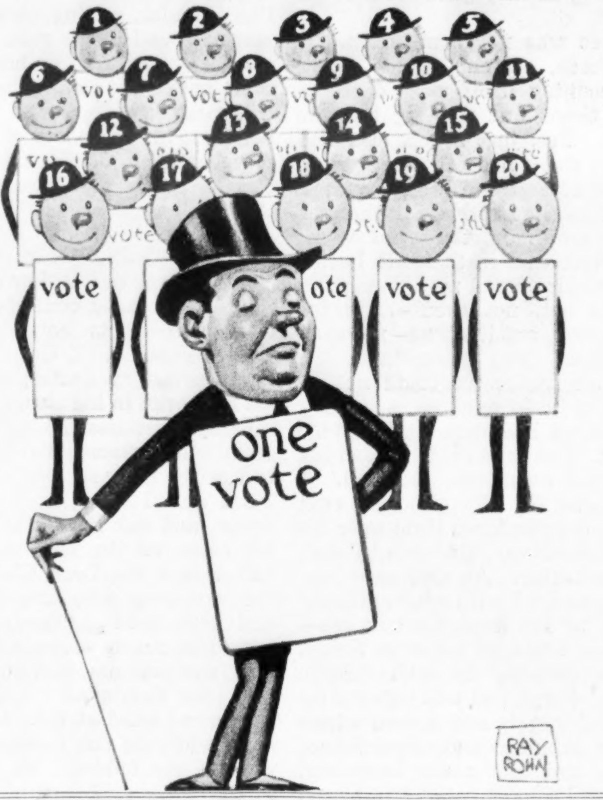


Serge was sitting as we had left him, with the cross at his feet

Are You an Election Day Alien?

By Boyden Sparkes

Illustrated by Ray Rohn



Make 1924 the Year of the Big Vote!

Jimmy Hines, a hard-muscled Tammany leader, says: "For one vote on Riverside Drive I get twenty on Columbus Avenue. Does that mean anything?" It does. We can't all live on the Drive, and probably not everybody wants to, but as a people we have this in common with the Drive: we're vote slackers. More than half the electorate failed to vote in the Presidential election of 1920. The percentage is bad in every election. "Popular government?" says a cynic. "It's never been tried." Let's try it. Many societies are working to make 1924 the Year of the Big Vote. In its desire to help "awaken a more general interest in public affairs," Collier's is coöperating with them in its pages and elsewhere. Two articles by Mr. Sparkes will follow.

THERE ought to be entertainment in a debate on voting between Tom Dorr and Andy Gump. The trouble is that Andy is a comic-strip character and Dorr is dead.

Along about 1840 Thomas W. Dorr, a Rhode Island schoolmaster, raised a rebellion in that state against restrictions on white manhood suffrage. Voting there, as had been the case almost all over the United States, was restricted to freeholders, owners of the land. Dorr, who had announced that the people had an inalienable right to participate in government, finally had himself "elected" Governor by the votes of men from whom the original State Constitution withheld suffrage.

That was in 1842, and after Dorr had gone through the motions of being Governor for two weeks the rival Governor prepared to arm his followers. "Governor" Dorr had already armed his, and at their head marched on the arsenal with cannon. The failure of these pieces to fire was the only thing, seemingly, that prevented a serious conflict. Dorr's followers lost their courage and deserted him, and he fled. The following summer he headed another military adventure into Rhode Island, but was abandoned by his followers, and himself escaped, when the state militia was sent against him.

A year later he returned. This time he was arrested, tried for treason, and sentenced for life. He may not have been an able military leader, but he was a great teacher. The frightened conservatives of Rhode Island called a convention which adopted a liberal constitution, and Dorr was freed. His willingness to die for the right to vote won that right for the men of Rhode Island.

So much for Dorr's Rebellion. Now about Andy Gump.

I had gone to the offices of the National Republican Congressional Committee in Washington to get some statistics on nonvoting. Earl Venable, who is the executive secretary of the committee, was reading off the totals for the 1922 congressional election in the First District of Mississippi.

"J. E. Rankin, Democrat," he read "9,407."

"Gaston Terrell, Republican, 23."

"Twenty-three what?"

"Twenty-three votes," he retorted.

"You mean to say that no more than 9,430 votes were cast in the selection of a Congressman?"

"Well, there was one more. You can put it down: Andy Gump, one."

"Are you joking?"

"Not at all, but I guess the man who cast the vote thought he was. There were others like him in the 1922 congressional election. Our records show that throughout the country there were upward of 100 votes cast for Andy Gump, 100 gestures of contempt for the hard-won privilege of suffrage. Probably there were more, because some of the votes recorded as "scattering" likely enough were for this same creation of a comic artist."

Half of Us Don't Vote

BUT at least the supporters of Andy Gump went to the polls and expressed an opinion, though it was a flippant one. What about the rest of the 26,000,000 and more who haven't as much gumption as the Gumpers? Better not let your verdict be too severe until you have recalled the gallows fifty cubits high which Haman had made for Mordecai. The last verse of Chapter 7 in the book of Esther reads: "So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai. Then was the king's wrath pacified."

Are you one of those who do not exercise your franchise? In the 1920 Presidential election there were 26,786,753 votes cast for all of the nominated candidates, but there were 27,635,079 citizens who failed to go on record at the polls on election day. That is more than half of the electorate. Had these people been stirred by some common appeal, some magic oratory, they might have gone to the election booths and elected any man they wanted to the Presidency. Who are these people? Are they by some ironic quirk of fate the descendants of those nonfreeholders of Richmond, Va., who sent a memorial to the Constitutional Convention assembled there, asking for the extension to them of the privilege of suffrage?

John Marshall, our Chief Justice of revered memory, who presented it for them, was not in sympathy with their appeal, but spoke of the petitioners as "a numerous and respectable body of citizens." They were, indeed, for they were the lawyers, the merchants, the doctors, and others of similar intellectual rank who were deprived of the right to vote because Virginia, like most of her sister states, had restricted the ballot to owners of landed estates.

In their memorial they quoted from the Virginia Bill of Rights of 1776, which declared "that a majority of the community hath an indubitable, unalienable, and indefeasible right to reform, alter, or abolish the government."

John Marshall deliberately, and probably after inhaling a pinch of snuff to clear his thinking, voted against an extension of the suffrage. Maybe he was aided to maintain this attitude by the arguments of Mr. Trezvant, who said: "It is no idle chimera of the brain that the possession of land furnishes the strongest evidence of permanent, common interest with, and attachment to, the community."

Earlier in Virginia's history Thomas Jefferson had expressed a belief in the necessity for property qualifications and a fear of the "mobs of great cities."

In Massachusetts Daniel Webster spoke for the rights of property in government, arguing: "It is entirely just that property should have its due weight and consideration in political arrangements—those political thunderstorms and earthquakes which have shaken the pillars of society to their foundation have been revolutions against property."

In Pennsylvania a like-minded opponent of the extension of suffrage, in decrying a scheme to remove a tax-paying restriction on the franchise, cried out: "What does the delegate propose? To place the vicious vagrant, the wandering Arabs, the Tartar hordes of our large cities on the level with the virtuous and good man?"

There was a farm bloc indeed, but it steadily lost ground through the efforts of Tom Dorrs of the country until today universal suffrage is the rule, except for a few poll-tax restrictions and the literacy qualifications of New York and twelve southern states where the qualifications were frankly designed to disfranchise the negro.

Now let us try to see what people are using their vote. Simon Michelet, a Washington lawyer, has saved me a lot of arithmetical drudgery by reducing the voting and nonvoting to percentages. First he deducted more than two million illiterates—white and black—from the total of eligible voters, adopting 25,705,063 as the total of the stay-at-home vote.

Pennsylvania is a good place to start, remembering the nineteenth century fear of some of its leading citizens concerning extensions of the suffrage. Pennsylvania was far behind North Carolina in voting efficiency in the 1920 election. North Carolina, with 342,756 negroes of voting age and 204,492 disqualified illiterates, had 86 persons who did not vote for every hundred that did, but in Pennsylvania there were 133 people who should have voted, but did not, for ever hundred that did. At present Pennsylvania is being ruled by a minority, and its percentage of nonvoting is the most damning record of the sort presented by any of the large states.

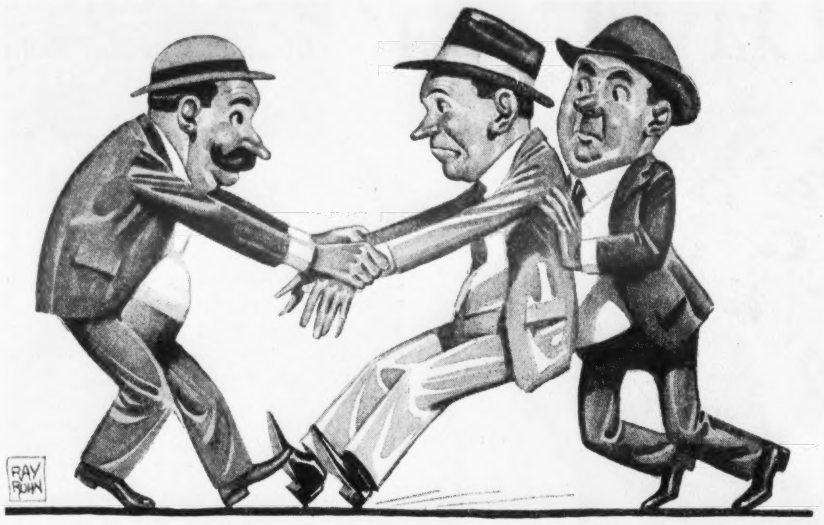
Vermont, like Pennsylvania, is as stanchly Republican as most Southern States are stanchly Democratic, and the home state of President Coolidge has 113 citizens who do not vote for every hundred who do. But why should Vermont, a state of freeholders, make no better showing than Arizona with its vast distances?

Kentucky made the best showing, 918,711 citizens, men and women, going to the polls, as against 233,555 eligible who did not go—24 nonvoters for each 100 voters. Cox beat Harding in Kentucky by only 4,017, indicating a close contest and intensive work by organization leaders, but isn't it like some of the queer things Alice encountered in Wonderland to discover that it requires hard work on the part of someone to make people go to the polls to say who shall govern them and who shall spend their money?

How About Our Women Voters?

OBVIOUSLY the Southern negro and illiteracy complicate the matter in the South, and in the North women have been slow to exercise their franchise, but there is hope for the women. In eleven states—Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, and Kansas—where women had the right of suffrage before the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment, and consequently were more experienced in voting—the average in 1920 was 81 nonvoters to 100 voters, as contrasted with an average of 87 to 100 in eleven Eastern States where women did not vote until 1920.

Illinois is one state that keeps a rec-



He isn't headed for the dentist. He's on his way to the polls

ord showing the comparative voting efficiency of men and women. Mrs. George W. Robnett and Mrs. Paul Rittenhouse prepared a table for the Illinois League of Women Voters. This indicated that in 1920, 1,299,261 men voted out of 1,754,075 who were eligible; 795,453 women voted out of 1,708,498 who were eligible. Expressed in percentages, that is 74.1 per cent for the men and only 46.6 per cent for the women.

"If this sort of thing continues," United States Senator Simeon D. Fess told me recently, "popular government is a failure. It isn't going to be a success if it means minority rule."

Senator Fess is a former president of Antioch College and the author of "History of American Political Theory." He is a scholar and a politician, and he says we can't go on this way. I quote Senator Fess:

"There is a movement now to curb campaign contributions. Borah made a speech in favor of it; Bryan has made a suggestion that the Government should pay for all campaign expenses, and Jim Cox has indorsed the idea. If this should be done, what is going to counteract the inertia of voters? It is a circle and a vicious one.

"Here is an inertia you want to cure; you can't cure it without effort, and effort costs money. How the dickens are you going to get anywhere unless you spend money? Volunteers will work—and by work I mean get out the vote—when they are aroused as Billy Sunday arouses his converts. They will work when the fever is in them, which is a very short period in any year. Why people should have to be dragged to the polls I can't understand, but that is the only way you can get 'em there, and most who should vote never go. It's a pretty how-d'ye-do for a nation."

Tammany Knows Who Votes

I TALKED to Jimmy Hines. "Hello there," he said with a rising inflection that put a cordial stress on the final word of the greeting. It's a trick of his, "Hello, Jim," or "Hello, Doc," with the emphasis on the name.

I told Jimmy what was on my mind. He is the Tammany leader of the Eleventh Assembly District of Manhattan. It will give you a hint of his quality when I tell you that about three years ago he hung on to his leadership as a cowboy clings to the back of an outlaw mustang in spite of all the efforts of the late Boss Murphy to get rid of him. But my simile is not well chosen. Jimmy clung to that place because the Democrats of the Eleventh—and a lot of Republicans—wanted him and because they didn't care who got licked in the fight with the big boss so long as Jimmy Hines won. And he did. Murphy had said: "That fellow's my enemy." Jimmy replied: "And he's my friend; what d'you think of that?" The fight was on.

One part of Jimmy's district is peopled with the rich, with owners of large automobiles, who dwell in $15,000-a-year apartments and wonder who is the best lawyer to help them out with their income tax. In the other end of the district are taxicab chauffeurs, street-car motormen, underpaid clerks, persons who live in "walk-ups" and worry not about income-tax collectors, but incomes. Sometimes there's an argument of a Saturday night, and on Monday morning who do you think is the person they expect to get them out of trouble? Jimmy Hines—the same hard-muscled Jimmy who twelve years ago was running a horseshoeing establishment at Thirteenth Street and Seventh Avenue. He still likes to see a horse's heels, but nowadays he sees them at Jamaica or Pimlico.

The district leader's eyes are the gray-blue of new-blown manganese steel. His derby hat is perched on the back of his graying head.

"Who is it that doesn't vote?" I asked him.

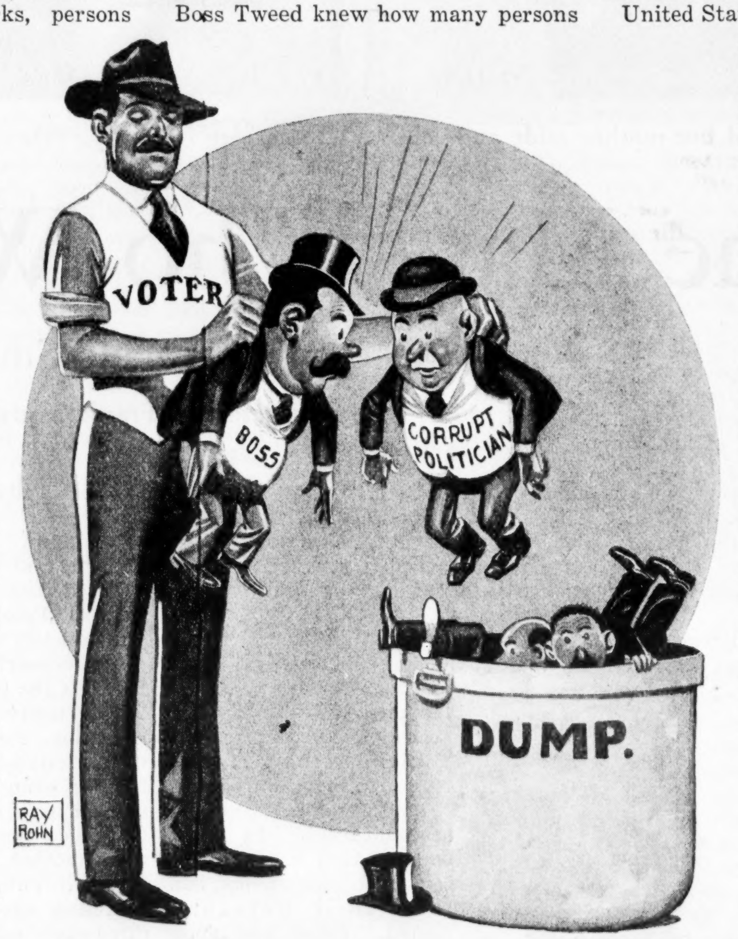
"Well," said Jimmy, "that's easy. For one vote on Riverside Drive I get twenty on Columbus Avenue. Does that tell you anything?"

"It does," said I.

"You're welcome," said Jimmy.

Ralph Simpson Boots, now of the University of Nebraska, was seeking an additional degree from Columbia a few weeks ago, and so he made a study of voting in the New Jersey primaries. There is a sentence in his thesis that seems to confirm the experience of Jimmy Hines.

"The result of a careful study," wrote Dr. Boots, "seems to be that certainly in the second city of the state, and very probably in the first, there has been in the last six years a tendency for a greater degree of participation in the primary on the part of the less intelligent and independent voters than on the part of the other classes. This tendency has not been observed in the next two largest cities." But this comparison related only to those who voted in primary elections; the great bulk of our nonvoters are not even registered.



He could throw them in the dump if he realized his strength

In his day Alexander Hamilton expressed a moan about the growing indifference of the better class of people to the exercise of their franchise.

Not all authorities are agreed that there's any special virtue in bringing about a wider exercise of the suffrage. Some students of the subject contend that it is foolish to expect any miracles of democracy to come of the votes of citizens who are uninformed. The Andy Gump vote seems to support this notion, but let us suppose they were informed, that they were militant and eager in the exercise of their franchise. What would happen then to the bosses? To the corrupt officeholder? To government of the people by the few and for the few?

There is a gloomy brownstone half-ruin in Chambers Street, New York, that is an appropriate monument to Boss Tweed. It is the County Courthouse. It was to have cost the people of New York County about $3,000,000 or so, but the final bill was for more than $12,000,000. One firm received in two years' time the sum of $5,600,000 "for supplying the County Courthouse with furniture and carpets." If it had been used as a warehouse, that much furniture could not have been crowded into it. But Boss Tweed was undisturbed by the revelations of grafting.

"What," he asked, "are you going to do about it?"

Boss Tweed knew how many persons were not visiting New York's polls. In New York City most politicians have a rule-of-thumb which they employ to estimate in advance the vote to be cast. They calculate that 5 per cent of the registered vote will fail to go to the polls on election day. They do not concern themselves about the vastly greater percentage that never registers.

According to the 1920 census there were 2,436,555 citizens of voting age in the five counties that comprise New York City. The total registration was 1,373,546, so that there were 1,063,009 who failed to register. There is the problem: How can these so-called citizens be made so in fact?

Out of those who did register—1,373,546—there were 70,243 who failed to vote. When the ballots were counted—this was in 1920—there were 9,838 blank ones, unmarked, mute votes for Andy Gump. How can you explain that? Then there were 14,639 void ballots cast for the most part by members of the electorate who thought, foolishly, to make their ballot more "legal" by making crosses with a fountain pen, instead of the tooth-marked election-booth lead pencil. For New York City alone that makes a total of 1,157,729 people who had no voice in the election.

Most of Us Aren't Represented

IF YOU do not vote for members of Congress, you cannot expect them to regard you as a part of their constituencies. Using those of the electorate who do exercise their franchise as the measuring rod, a small percentage of us are represented by the Congress.

In the less dramatic but equally important congressional election of 1922 there were 6,000,000 fewer ballots cast than there were in the Presidential election of 1920. Consider the case of Michigan. The total electorate, based on the 1920 census, was 1,881,597; but only 582,960 men and women voted for the four candidates who were contending for election to the Senate. The electorate voting was slightly less than 31 per cent, and the stay-at-home vote was more than 69 per cent.

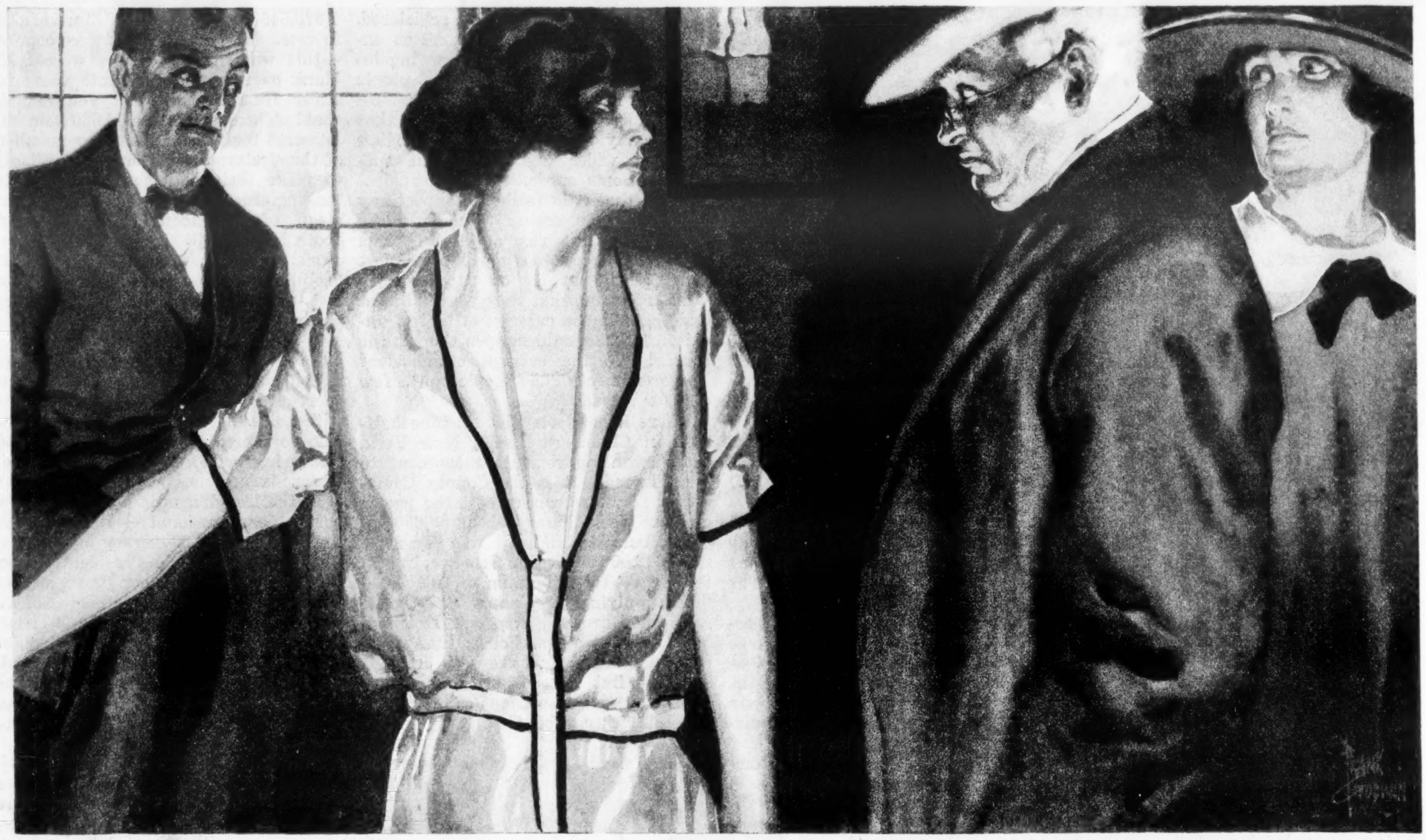
United States Senator Woodbridge N. Ferris therefore occupies his seat; helps to make our foreign policy; decides, with others, how large or how small our army and navy shall be; fixes taxes, spends them—governs you, on the authority, expressed in ballots, of 15 per cent of the voting strength of Michigan.

Now take another example, Tennessee. Only 18 per cent of the legal vote was cast in the 1922 election and Senator Kenneth McKellar, the victorious Democrat, received only 12.5 per cent of the eligible vote. Does he represent the people of Tennessee? Might not some other man be the senator from Tennessee if the nonvoters had decided to change their status by perking up enough interest to vote? Don't blame Senator McKellar. The discredit belongs to his state's civic slackers.

When the 1922 votes were counted in Minnesota it was disclosed that the Farmer-Labor party had elected Henrik Shipstead to be senator. He received only 26 per cent of the possible vote. The nonvoters, centering on one man, might have elected someone else. That someone else might have been less capable, but if he had been selected this nation would have a slightly better right to call itself a democracy. Senator Howell of Nebraska was elected by 32 per cent of the voters of his state; Senator La Follette, Wisconsin, by 28 per cent; Senator Lodge, Massachusetts, 22 per cent; Senator Pepper, Pennsylvania, 18.9, and Senator Copeland, New York, 25 per cent.

Gilbert Chesterton crushed an inquirer who wanted to know if he thought Christianity was a failure, by saying: "It's never been tried."

It would seem that you could say as much for popular government.



Lissy brushed her mother aside and confronted Elbridge furiously. "Do you think I'm pining to have him for a husband?"

The Man Who Was Satisfied

By F. Winfield Smith

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

FOR fifteen years John Elbridge had stopped at the postoffice, on his way back from dinner, to get the mail, and with each day had acquired an added certainty of his own personal satisfaction. To-day he paused with a smile before a flaring yellow poster on the wall, which had proclaimed for ten days past that on the evening of August 23d the Majestic Burlesquers would hold forth at the Darien Opera House.

The event belonged to history now. Elbridge reflected on the fact with regret. He was sorry he had not attended. One feature of the show, certainly, would have been well worth his while—that is, if he could have known and appreciated it at the time. He smiled again as he turned away.

At the postoffice door, however, something happened that irritated him. It was a trivial thing, too, to disturb such a complacent man as John Elbridge. He met the Stranger. The annoying factor about it lay in the realization that he had encountered the man three times before—and as yet did not even know his name. For any person, male or female, to be two days in Darien without disclosing his business to the town's leading citizen—that to John Elbridge was unpardonable effrontery.

He was still frowning when he reached the Darien Department Store. In the days of his father it had been the "Darien General Store, Daniel Elbridge, Proprietor." But John Elbridge was progressive; he was satisfied that the revised name was a great improvement, though nothing else was changed—except for a gas station added in front.

Joel, the clerk, was laboriously filling the tank of a small, battered car. Had Elbridge not been so preoccupied, he would have noticed and recognized the vehicle before. It belonged to Peter Burton.

Peter and he were old acquaintances. In their boyhood they had been inseparable companions, but later their ways had parted. Peter had gone away to seek his fortune. A new firm in New York had advertised for smart young men between the ages of twenty and thirty, preferably unmarried. Both boys had answered the advertisement in the county newspaper, and both had been told to come to New York at once. John Elbridge still remembered how enthusiastic he had been—until he had broached the subject to his family. They had been aghast at the idea.

"You'll stay here if you got any sense," his father had said. "Not get took in by a gang of swindlers and city crooks. You can be somebody here. Go to the city and you're only a cog in the wheel."

So John Elbridge had stayed in Darien, and for a long time now had realized the wisdom of his father's words. Peter Burton, in his patched gray duster, stooping over his nondescript runabout to see if the tank was full, was simply added confirmation. Peter had gone to the city—and had not become even a cog. He seemed to fit nowhere. He had tried first one thing, then another, until finally he had come to this: traveling agent for some third-rate manufacturing concern. Once a year, or oftener, he showed up in Darien and called at the store. Not that Elbridge ever bought anything from him; Peter was always selling some newfangled "improvement."

"Full she is," he said to Joel. Then, as he straightened, he saw Elbridge and grinned. "Hello, John. It's lucky the road to your store runs downhill. My gas petered out back by the hotel and I had to depend on gravity to get the rest of the way."

They shook hands.

"I didn't suppose," Elbridge remarked, "that *that* car ever ran out of gas."

Peter Burton laughed. "All my fault, John—or maybe it's partly your son's. Anyway, you can't blame the old bus. She did the best she could—"

"Partly my son's?" Elbridge was interested. "What's Charlie got to do with it?"

"Why, I met him this morning on the road to Beaconstown—stalled. That's a neat little buggy you've got him, but I'll bet there's a car that does eat up the gas. She was stone dry. I let him have a gallon out of this flivver, and then forgot all about it and figured I had enough to last till I got here. Considering the running around I did, the old bus ought to have quit ten miles back."

"Come into the store," John Elbridge invited with more cordiality than of late he had used in greeting Peter. "Come in and tell me about it."

He led the way to a boxlike affair partitioned off in one corner at the rear, that served as his office.

"Charlie's a great boy," he informed his guest as they sat down. "He's had this car of his down the river at the summer camp. Never'd think to have the gas tank filled. Great boy, Peter, great boy!"

Before Peter could make reply, he added: "It is a rather neat little wagon, I think myself. I got it for him last fall, when he was twenty-one. Kind of keep him satisfied you know."

"You're—planning he'll come into the store with you?"

"Well, yes. That's what I'm counting on. There was a girl with him this morning, wasn't there?"

"Yes."

The storekeeper nodded complacently. "What'd you think of her? She's old Squire Ellis's granddaughter. You remember Maggie Ellis? Married a Lucas. This girl's their daughter."

"You expect to—er—add her to the family?"

"Looks as if we might. What do you think? She and Charlie wouldn't make a bad pair, would they?"

"She's pretty," Burton conceded.

"No fool either. Though she ain't one of these brainy kind that would try to boss her husband and be the whole show. Charlie was taking her over to White Falls. There's some sort of a fandango going on all day over there."

"I see." For a moment Peter Burton regarded his one-time chum speculatively. "So Charlie's coming into the store with you after he's married?"

"Yes; he'll settle down then, and we can go along together. It'll make things easier for me too."

This was Peter's chance. "It will, if you take the right steps. I've got something here to-day I'd like to suggest that you consider."

Elbridge brought himself up with a jerk. He recognized the symptoms. Burton was going to spring some more of his infernal "improvements" and would-be salesmanship on him. And he was not mistaken.

Peter had brought something in with him in a leather-covered case. He lifted it now to Elbridge's desk and, removing the cover, revealed a contrivance such as the storekeeper had never seen before.

"This," said he, "is a mimeograph. And you need one."

Elbridge looked at it curiously. "What's it for?" he inquired. "What's it supposed to do?"

"It's for making duplicate copies of letters and circulars."

ELBRIDGE was puzzled. "What in thunder," he demanded, "would I want of a thing like that?"

"It'll help you increase your trade."

"Trade?" Elbridge laughed. "I get all the trade there is, don't I? You know this is the only store in Darien, and always has been."

"Why not branch out—now that Charlie's coming in with you? People in the country outside own automobiles nowadays. Give them sufficient inducement and they'll come here to trade. If you sent out circular letters advertising your goods, you'd get trade from Beaconstown and Carterville and Mullen Hill—maybe as far away as White Falls. People go where they can get the lowest prices."

Elbridge shook his head. He wasn't interested in the lowest prices and he didn't believe in experiments, especially those that required an initial expenditure with only doubtful returns. Besides—

"I ain't complaining of things as they are," he told Burton. "It don't pay to stir up a lot of competition. You lose more than you gain. Suppose I tried to sell for less than Rob Wendell over in Beaconstown, in order to get some of his customers. Then he'd likely turn around and try to underbid me, and maybe get some of mine. Where'd we come out in the end? We wouldn't be any better off than when we started, and we'd be out the expense of running each other and selling cheap."

"You wouldn't lose by gaining new customers and keeping the old. Low profit is better than high if you make more of it."

Elbridge grunted. "I tell you I'm satisfied the way things are. I charge fair prices and the people pay them."

"Yes, but you don't get anywhere. You're standing still. This business is right where your father left it."

John Elbridge could not restrain a smile. "I'd rather stand still," he said, "than go backward."

Peter Burton flushed. "I suppose you mean that for me," he began. "Maybe I'm not qualified to talk about achievement—"

"I wasn't thinking of you," Elbridge interrupted — which was largely true, if not quite; he had been thinking more of the yellow poster at the postoffice, advertising the Majestic Burlesquers, than of Peter. "Do you remember Kate Morris?"

"Yes!" Burton was surprised. "Yes, I remember her. What's she got to do with your buying a mimeograph?"

"She's an example of what I mean. She had a chance to stay here and be somebody, but she wasn't satisfied. She could sing, you know, and thought she was going into grand opera. Did you ever hear of her after she left Darien?"

"I don't recall that I ever did. But that doesn't prove she didn't make out all right."

"Well, something else does," Elbridge retorted. "I saw her this morning. She was here—in this office."

Burton's interest was aroused. "Here? What was she doing here?" He gazed at the storekeeper with frank curiosity. There had been a time when Kate Morris and John Elbridge—

"She came here asking for help. She's with the burlesque show that performed in the Town Hall last night. There's grand opera for you! Her daughter—she's got one named Lissy—had got into a scrape, and she thought I could get her out. I wish you could have seen her as she sat there in that chair when I came into this office. I didn't know her from Adam."

"Could you do anything for her—or the girl?"

"No. Sit down, and I'll tell you about it if you want to listen."

PETER BURTON returned to the chair from which he had risen to demonstrate the mimeograph.

"When I found out who she was," Elbridge explained, "and she said she was after help, I thought she meant that she wanted to leave the show and stay in Darien."

Burton's mouth twitched with a flicker of amusement.

"When I asked her, she swore. 'God, no!' she says. Can you imagine Kate Morris saying a thing like that? But it's just what you'd expect from this woman, the way she looks now. 'Nobody knows what's become of me,' she says. 'Do you think I want them to find out?' She's billed with the show as Kitty Jewel, it seems, so there was no danger, you see, that anybody had recognized her under that name. 'No,' she says, 'it ain't me I'm worrying about. It's Lissy—my daughter.'

"Then she went on and told me. This Lissy's with the show, too, and last night, after the performance, she and two or three other girls went off joy riding with some boys. Well, the others came back all right, but it seems Lissy didn't, and the others didn't know what had become of her.

"That's what her mother came to me about. She said I was president of the village and ought to help her. I felt sorry for her, of course, but what could I do? She didn't know who the boy was the girl had gone off with—didn't even know if he was from this town. Besides, you can guess what this girl must be like, after being with that kind of a show."

"Did you tell her mother that?"

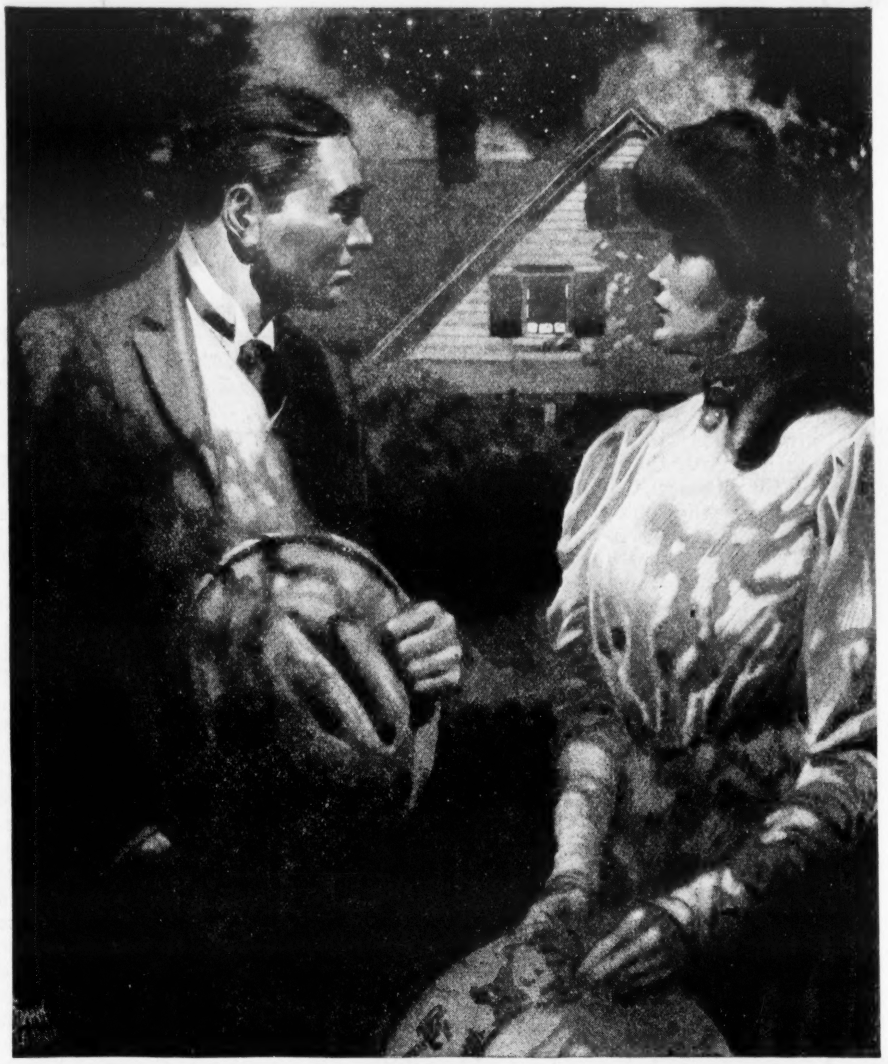
"Oh, not exactly. But I told her she was making a mountain out of a molehill; that she'd probably find her daughter waiting for her in the next town she got to."

"What did she say when you refused to help her?"

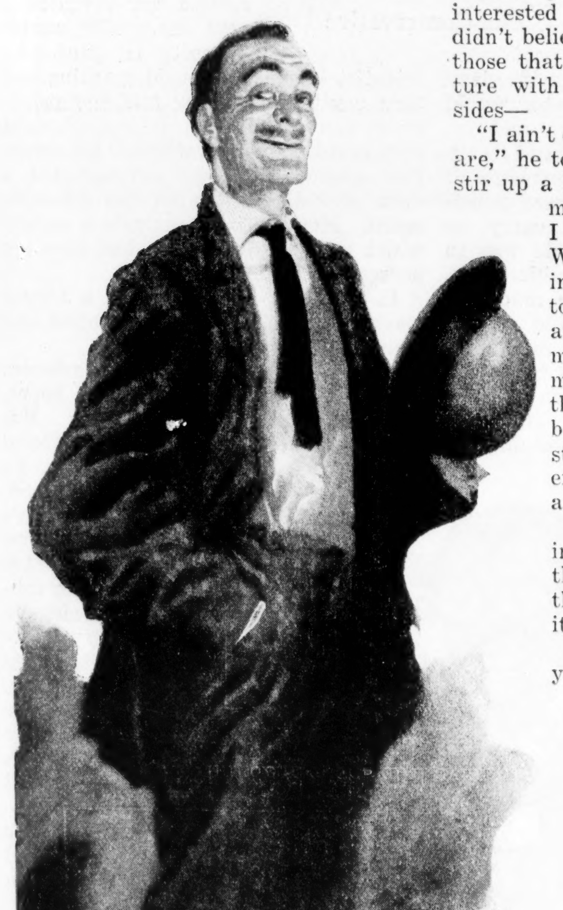
"I didn't refuse," Elbridge replied rather touchily. "There wasn't anything I could do. When I told her so, she flared up, though, and acted as if I was to blame for the whole thing—said something about this town bringing disgrace on her daughter, and nobody willing to lift a finger to set the affair right."

The storekeeper paused as if he expected Burton to speak, but when Peter remained silent he added:

"I got a little hot at that, and told her she'd better put part of the blame somewhere else; maybe a share in the responsibility rested on her. She cleared out at that, so (*Continued on page 24*)



"You!" she cried. "No, John. I want bigger things"



Peter was about to spring one of his new-fangled "improvements" on old Elbridge

The Four Most Useless Men In the World

And One More—a Very Different Fellow—Who Is Useful Indeed

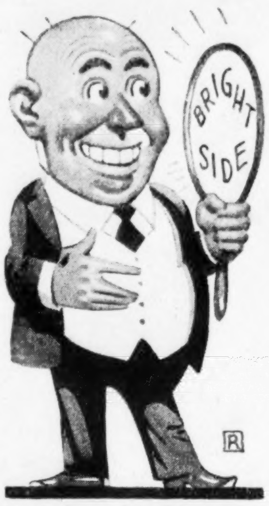
By Albert Edward Wiggam

Author of "The New Decalogue of Science"

THREE world possibilities lie just ahead: first, that men will destroy civilization; second, that they will go on muddling through economic and political opportunism with hell always likely to break loose at the next turn; third, that they will apply human intelligence to human affairs. The last is the only one that has never been tried.

Should we undertake the third program—to put intelligence in the saddle—there are four men who will not be of use and only one man who will. To find that man and place him in power is the sole hope of the world.

The first man who will be of no use is the optimist. The optimist is a man who believes that sows' ears can be made into silk purses by deep breathing, "harmonic thinking," and by pleasant observations that every day the world is getting better, and if this process is kept up it will fill the purses with money. This felicitous method of creating prosperity and passing it around is often embodied with solemn verbosity in political platforms.

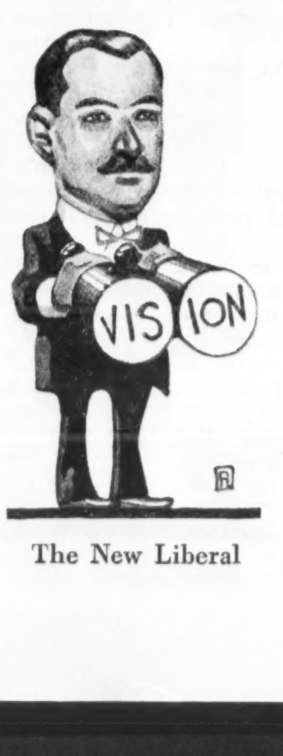


The Optimist

All this does not mean that men should not meet the facts of life with cheerful courage. But the optimist refuses to face facts at all. He thinks he can destroy facts by denying them. He believes that some Pollyanna doggerel will give men food, clothing, and shelter, and that, like some Coué chanticleer, he can crow a spiritual renaissance above the horizon to light the world with a new day. But such phantasmagorial optimism never solved any political problem, devised better social processes, or opened new avenues for human advance.

The second man who will be of no use is the pessimist. The pessimist is a man, who, having to choose between two evils, winds up by choosing both. He would commit suicide if he could do it without killing himself. He is afflicted with omnipresent cerebral corns, ubiquitous mental bunions and intellectual ague, run by perpetual motion. He is as blind to facts as the optimist. Sanity is accepting the universe as it is and trying to make it better. Neither optimist nor pessimist accepts this universe, but builds another one out of wish fancies. He cannot help rebuild this world, because he does not live in it. Absent treatment is, therefore, all we can hope for from him.

The third man who cannot help us is the conservative. The conservative is a man who "believes that nothing should ever be done for the first time." If an earthquake breaks loose and does it once, very well; it then becomes "precedent." Earthquakes become a part of the status quo. He puts his money into earthquakes and they then become "vested rights." Men always have put money into arms, munition plants, and other forms of scientific hell; they always have employed women and children to make money. To the conservative this makes them just, right, and wise. Congress always has debated until the country was worn out and then voted on the emasculated outcome. Therefore, to vote first and debate afterward would be "hasty, ill-considered action." If a dozen statisticians were elected to Congress and their methods put into effect, it would reduce the Congressional Record from a volume that has to be shipped in a freight car to one that could be carried in the voter's vest pocket.



The New Liberal

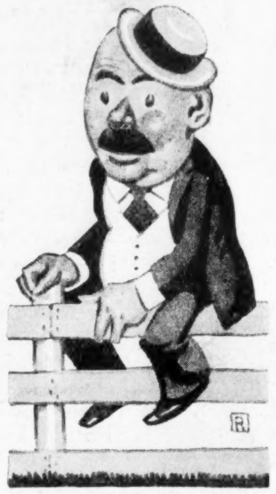
"The more I see of my classes the more I marvel at the infinite capacity of the human mind to resist the introduction of knowledge," said the Yale professor. So with the conservative. Had he had his way, the human race would still be swinging by its tail in the jungle. Owing to "wise conservatism" they have yet not got beyond Lusk Committees and congressional debates as a means for getting the world out of trouble. So the conservative will never illuminate the world with a new freedom.

The fourth most useless man is the radical. The radical is a man who believes that nothing should ever be done except for the first time. That first time is when his pet panacea is put into effect and straightway the world is ushered into an abrupt millennium. He forgets that revolutions never come up to the advertisements.

He is always a class man, and when his class gets into power there will be something new, namely, progress. But whenever he has succeeded, the instruments of progress, culture, education, liberty, poetry, beauty, have all been destroyed. Throughout all history whenever radicalism has succeeded, the people have found the limb has been sawed off between them and the tree. Progress is increase in wisdom, and revolutions never increase wisdom. This is solely because wisdom comes from but one place—wise men's heads. And there are so few such heads. Revolutions never increase the number of such heads, nor place any larger number in power. What democracy lacks is that it has never yet taught men how to find wise heads.

The radical, therefore, cannot help revive a sinking world.

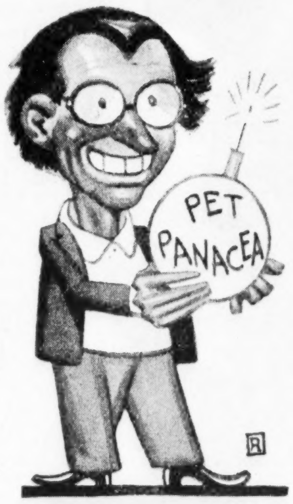
Is there any man who can help us? Yes, the new liberal. The liberal has had a long and heroic history. In the Reformation he fought to free men's minds from dogmatic theology, authority in religion, and the divine right of kings. He next fought to secure "the rights of man," free education for the masses, universal suffrage, and the free pursuit of happiness. In the main he succeeded.



The Conservative

But in his noble humanitarianism the old liberal made three gigantic mistakes. First, he believed that the masses were naturally just, wise, and good, and, if given political freedom and a vote, would rule themselves with sanity and intelligence. Second, he believed there was in society an inherent principle of progress and if men were freed politically, this principle would carry us forward and all we had to do was to get on and ride into the millennium. Third, he believed that the machines which science had invented would lighten human toil and give men freedom for joy, adventure, and beauty.

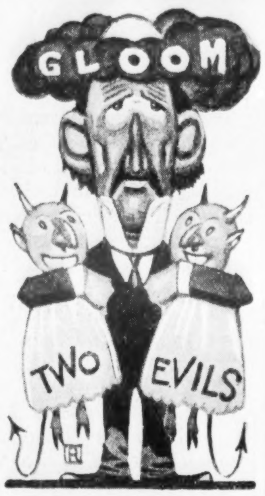
He was wrong. First, men are not by nature wise and good. They are good, bad, and indifferent; intelligent, mediocre and stupid. Without a new education they cannot rule wisely and well. Second, there is no natural principle of social progress. Progress comes solely from the few great, separate minds that teach people how to behave better toward each other. Third, science has saddled men with a world machine which, instead of lightening toil, threatens a deeper slavery than ever.



The Radical

What, then, is needed? Plainly a new liberal with a new social vision, a new political technique, a new understanding of human nature, a new philosophy of progress, a new objective for civilization. If such men are not found and given leadership, the day of democracy, hope, and liberty for common men is all over. Either mass proletarianism without culture, refinement, or beauty will control the world machine, or else capital will grasp it and institute a scientific barbarism without conscience, tolerance, or responsibility.

Who is this new liberal and what is his technique? He is a quiet, tolerant man, with no grand, all-embracing principles except one—he applies to social problems the same kind of intelligence with which he repairs his automobile. Optimism, pessimism, radicalism, conservatism, bigotry, fundamentalism, and prejudice never repaired an automobile. They never repaired an old one or invented a new one. And they never repaired an old social system nor invented a new one. The world-difficulty is that the scientist invented a world machine and then capital and labor and the politicians ran away with it and thought they could manage it without his spirit. But science never yet emancipated a man who did not catch the scientific spirit. Nor can it emancipate a society which uses its discoveries but does not possess its soul.



The Pessimist

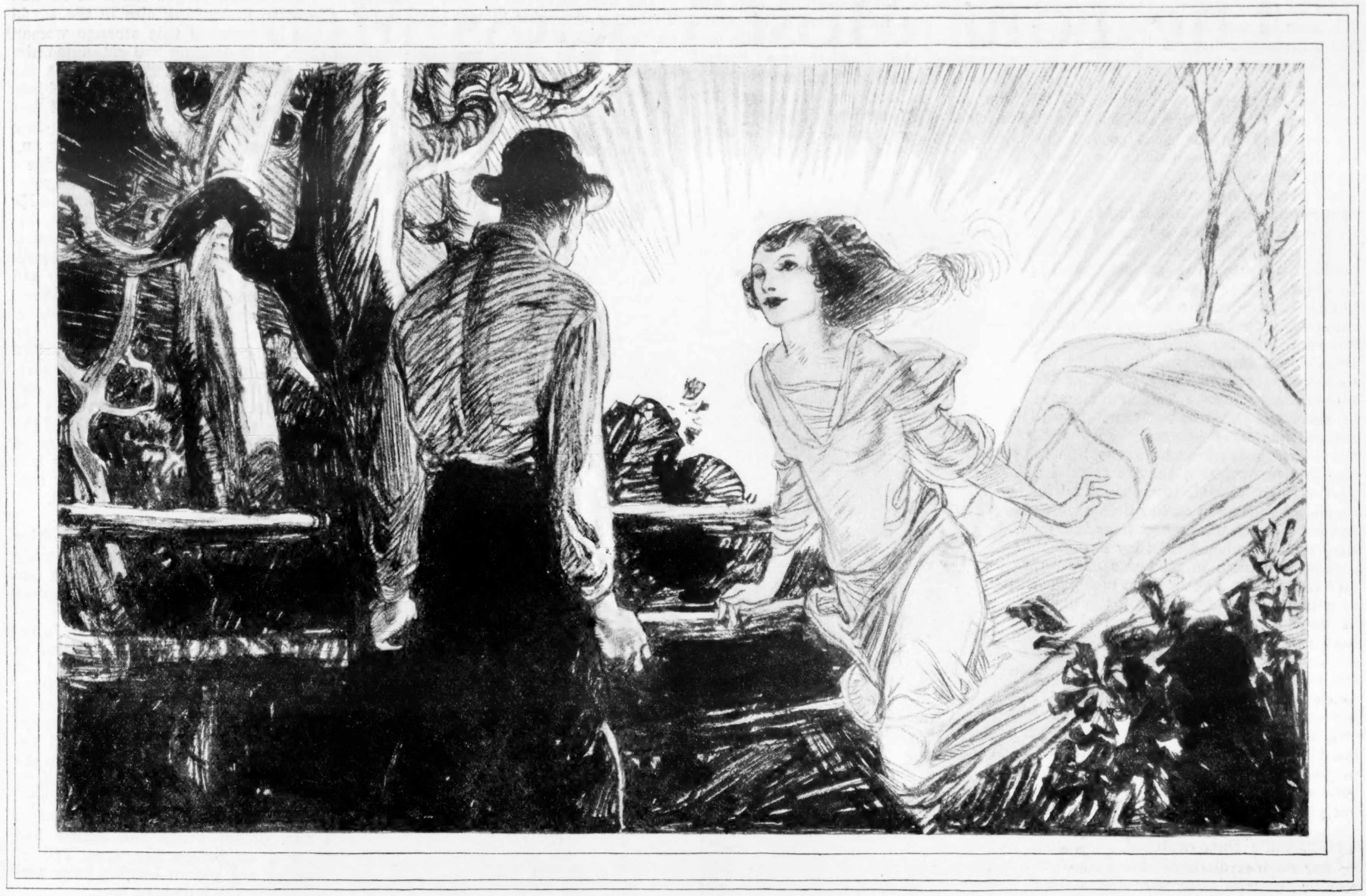
It will only chain men to a bigger machine which they cannot control and cannot understand.

Society is not an invention of science; it is a thing of men's emotions, hopes, failures, heartaches, dreams. But science can help it. And the new liberal is brother to the scientist. As one instance of his method, instead of breaking men's backs with a haphazard tax bill—the product of brass bands, debates, howling conventions, and crowd slogans—he sets a group of research students at it. They care nothing for G. O. P.'s, nor "the grand and glorious history of the party." They merely want to find truth and to share it with all men.

This is the new liberal's conception of liberty. And only out of such liberty can progress come.

This task of liberalizing himself, of getting away from crowd passions and thinking quietly, tolerantly, lies within the heart of every man. He must go to school anew and to a new master. He must liberalize his own party, his own class, for all must be schooled in a new technique of life. And unless this new liberalism anoints all parties to the social conflict, unless this new method of humanizing industry, economics, and politics possesses the nations, the men who lie in Flanders field died in vain.

The poppies above their graves will wither in the stifling air of bigotry, fundamentalism, and prejudice instead of blooming amid the sunshine of tolerance and liberty which the men who lie beneath died to bring.



The dancer saw that he was greatly moved. Without slackening her pace, she ran toward him as though seeking sanctuary

The Mountain

By Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

Chapter V

DAVE BEARD had accepted the task of carrying the dancer's bag down to the camp beside the pond with outward reluctance, but with an unadmitted feeling of anticipation. The fact that she walked with him along the way served to augment the physical and mental disturbance which his poise had suffered the night before; served to fill his mind with half-formed thoughts and treacherous imaginings.

Stalking forward a little ahead of her and with eyes upon the road, he listened to the throaty murmur of her voice with an attention fixed and hungry. He did not pay heed to what she said, answered her occasional direct questions with monosyllables or not at all, till at last she halted positively, setting her foot upon the ground with something like a stamp, and cried:

"But stop. I will not be treated so. Turn here and look at me."

He did stop, and reluctantly enough he did turn. "Put down the bag," she commanded, and again he obeyed. "Now," she cried. "What is the matter with you? Have I not been kind and forgiving to you? Some women would have been furious if you had treated them so. It is true, I made you do some small penance, carrying me down the Mountain, but that had its recompenses. Now, had it not?"

He stared at her, and his lips were dry. "What's the matter?" he asked huskily.

She clutched his arm and tugged at him in a soft fury. "You are like a stone or like a clod of earth. So cold and solid and immovable! I do not like it. I am used to men who worship me, who find me beautiful. It angers me that you look at me so coldly."

He rubbed the back of his hand across his mouth and looked away from her through the wood. "I dunno what you want," he muttered.

She too looked around, followed his eyes, considered. "Come," she said at last. "This is what I want. Sit down here and talk with me as you did last night upon the mountaintop. Let us become acquainted. Let us become friends. I wish you to tell me about yourself. About your life. Tell me about this beautiful daughter of yours. Whence did she come? Out of what? Your wife? Was she, perhaps, so beautiful when you wooed her? Is it not sad that she is no longer beautiful? Yet there is beauty still. There are so many things. Come, let us talk. In a day or two I shall be gone. You have not many such visitors, I suppose."

"You don't know how it is on a farm," he insisted. "The work piles up. We'll get along."

So in the end his stubbornness had overborne her, and they went on through the wood and her own eyes were angry. At the camp he deposited her bag and she bade him a faint, scornful good-by while he trudged away.

But, once out of her sight, the rigid control under which he had held himself gave way, and with a motion of revolt, strange to see in so contained a man, he flung out his arms. Beads of sweat stood on his forehead. He went stumblingly, and after a while he sat down on the ground and lay along it with his hard cheek against the earth and his eyes wide and hot. His fingers twisted among the stems of a little clump of ferns that grew near his hand, as tenderly as though they were entwined in a lovely woman's hair, but after a while he wrenched them free, and tore up the ferns by the roots in so doing and rose and went his way.

All his torment and bewilderment were by this time resolved into one emotion—a longing curiously tender and wistful, which he could not stifle and put away.

WHEN, dusk having fallen, he returned to the house and discovered Jennie's absence, he asked shortly where she had gone. Mrs. Beard told him, and told him also that he should go fetch her home. But Dave refused to do this, ignoring his wife's querulous insistence. He said Jennie was used to the woods, she could find her way.

Mrs. Beard protested that, with strange men about, she was not safe, but Dave snorted his disgust at this suggestion. "I'll risk Jennie," he retorted.

But when the hour drew late she rose at last and said in a resigned tone: "Well, if you want to let your daughter stay down there all night, you can. I'm a-going to bed."

"Go ahead," Dave replied. "I'll set up for her."

She glared at him, and her fingers clenched with a physical hatred she often felt for her husband, but in the end she threw her head to one side as though in despair and took her lamp and went slowly up the stairs. As soon as she was gone Dave went out and sat on the porch by the kitchen door, watching along the road for Jennie's coming.

Above the crest of the Mountain he saw by the increasing light in the sky that the moon would soon appear, and he remembered, with tormenting clarity, how in that same moon's light he had found the woman on the mountaintop the night before. This memory was photographic: her eyes, dark in the shadow, or, when the moon struck them, gleaming; the red slash of her mouth; the smooth, almost golden, skin upon which a black bruise showed. Then the weight of her body in his arms . . .

He flung to his feet at last, his arms aching and the skin of his legs twitching and tingling with prickling blood, and almost unconsciously he started along the highway toward the wood road up which Jennie would come. As he turned into it, expecting momentarily to see her white figure in the shadows ahead, the moon lifted above the Mountain. At the same time, as Jennie earlier had heard, he heard the strains of Luigi's violin, singing through the still night.

As he came near the shore, through the trees he saw the firelight of the encampment, and beyond it moon sheen on the water. Between him and the pond, about the fire, something moved, and he drew closer and closer till he could see. The woman was dancing, and he stood still in the wood road, indistinguishable in the shadows, to watch. From the moment his eyes had settled upon her, he saw nothing else at all: saw not Luigi nor Jennie, fixed in fascination where she sat by the shore, nor Steve, so close to Jennie's side that she seemed almost to rest against his shoulder.

The dancer, lacking any more formal costume, had simply removed her outer garments and her shoes and stockings. Dave's first impression, which had the force of a powerful shock, was that she was entirely unclad, but after a moment he perceived this was not true. It was rather that what she wore so shaped itself to her body and was so like in hue to her own skin that it seemed a part of her, though it was not. The flame-light flickered on her limbs, which seemed to catch and reflect it as though they were burnished till they shone.

Now and then, in moments of absolute immobility, she had the semblance of a beautiful statue, clad in the grace of flowing line. Again she stole the beauty which is inherent in movement and added it to her attributes. At times she moved slowly. From her body the music seemed to spring, as though it were the harmony and beauty of herself and of her movements, become audible. Her dance was like a soliloquy; perhaps like the soliloquy of a maiden before her mirror, of a nymph beside her pool.

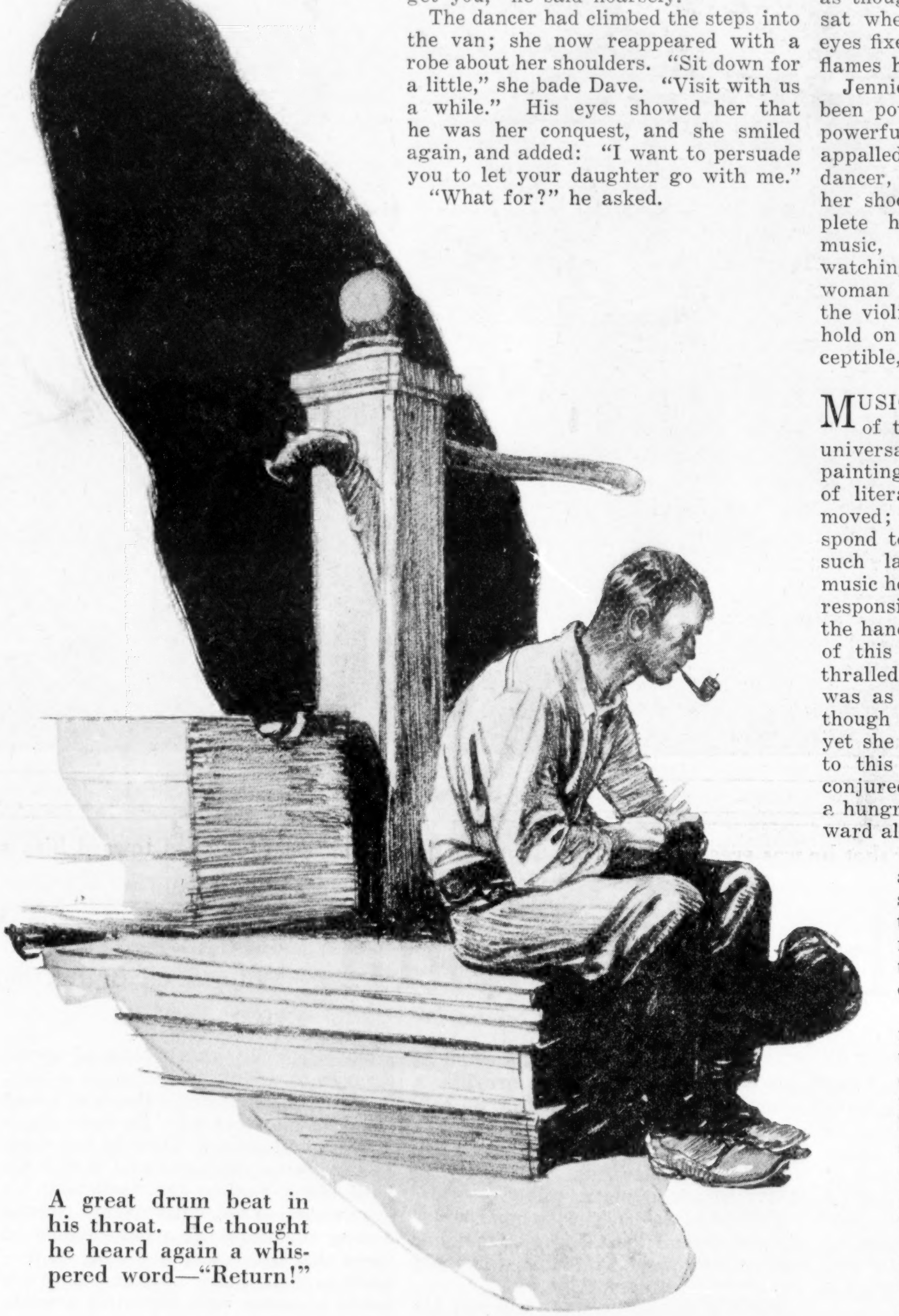
BUT, while Dave watched, at length her manner changed; her demeanor became disturbed; her movements were those of one who is alarmed, yet one not so much fleeing as seeking to hide herself from view. It was plain that the solitude had been invaded, that the nymph had discovered an intruder, and as the tempo quickened and became more rapid, her first startled surprise seemed to become fear; her movements assumed the characteristics of a flight. Her countenance expressed the terror which she felt; her arms were extended as though to ward off a pursuer; and once it seemed she had been overtaken and was struggling against the embrace of her captor. From which, with a new burst of movement, she tore free and bounded backward and turned and swiftly ran.

The violin now played upon an almost strident note; it screamed, and it was as though the dancing nymph had screamed. It growled, and one heard the voice of her pursuer. Dave, still as stone, clenched his fingers shudderingly into his wet palms. He stared with all his eyes.

At the culmination of this imaginary pursuit, when it was obvious to the dullest that the nymph was at the point of exhaustion, her capture imminent, the dancer turned at last from the circle about the fire and fled—fled along the wood road toward where Dave was standing.

He was sufficiently remote from the fire, so that the others could hardly have seen him, yet she made sure he had been watching her, and as she ran toward him, without slackening her pace, she perceived by his eyes and his fixed countenance that he was greatly moved. She was herself quite coolheaded, quite deliberate in what she did. Still playing her part, she ran toward him as though seeking sanctuary, and threw herself against him. It is not accurate to say that she threw herself into his arms, for his arms were at his sides, but at the impact of her body they encircled her, and her arm was flung around his neck.

She was hot and panting with her exertions; she had thrown herself against his breast with some vehemence. The contrast between the figure she had cast while she danced, between that light-footed creature so fantastic as to seem a product of dreams, and this very substantial, very human, panting woman in his arms swept Dave out of his defenses. Without knowing what he did, he held her desperately close till, because she could scarce breathe, she thrust herself away.



A great drum beat in his throat. He thought he heard again a whispered word—"Return!"

"But you are too strong!" she said, smiling at him, and with lifted hands she adjusted her hair, twisting its loose waves into a heavy strand which she began to braid.

He muttered hoarsely: "Ah!" And made a blind step toward her, but she drew away.

"Come," she invited, and led him down the road toward the fire.

Thus they came into the light together, Dave unconscious that others were here, following her with his eyes. And Jennie rose to her feet, freeing herself from Steve's arms which had, while she so intently watched the dance, encircled her waist. Luigi also came to his feet and strode toward them, his countenance suddenly convulsed, glaring at Dave, pouring out a quick phrase.

The dancer spoke to him chidingly. To Jennie she said: "I met your father on the road, child."

Luigi spoke again, more violently, and the dancer looked toward Dave and laughed softly and said to him under her breath: "Wipe your lips. There is too much color upon them, my friend."

Dave dragged his sleeve across his mouth. He looked from one to another till his eyes met Jennie's. "I came to get you," he said hoarsely.

The dancer had climbed the steps into the van; she now reappeared with a robe about her shoulders. "Sit down for a little," she bade Dave. "Visit with us a while." His eyes showed her that he was her conquest, and she smiled again, and added: "I want to persuade you to let your daughter go with me."

"What for?" he asked.

"To learn to dance. If she wishes?" This was a question to Jennie.

Jennie said softly: "I do want to." Her words were restrained, but there was a depth of desire in the still serenity of her tone.

"So, you will sit and talk," the dancer urged Dave again; and she took his arm and led him toward a sloping bank beyond the fire. He obeyed her; he sat down.

Luigi watched them with blazing eyes; and when the woman took her place by Dave's side, the violinist suddenly threw up his arms with a low cry. The woman spoke to him, in a bitter and angry tone, and at her word he flung away into the cover of the trees and disappeared from view.

Steve, still sitting where Jennie had sat during the dance, laughed with understanding, and lighted a cigarette, leaning back upon one elbow while he watched the scene. Jennie sat down at the dancer's feet, her eyes intent upon the other's countenance.

Dave Beard forgot Luigi as he had forgotten everything else in the world while he watched this strange woman dance. Her dancing had entangled him in a web of gossamer; when at the end of the dance she threw herself into his arms, the concrete actuality of that encounter converted the gossamer into bands of steel. He had no longer any will of his own; moved like one under a hypnotic spell; obeyed, assented, agreed as though he were an automaton. He sat where she had bade him sit, his eyes fixed on the fire in whose dancing flames he still saw her dancing figure.

Jennie was as rapt as he. She had been powerfully affected by the dance, powerfully moved by it. At first faintly appalled at the scant apparel of the dancer, she had immediately forgotten her shock under the spell of the complete harmony between dancer and music, forgotten everything else in watching how perfectly the limbs of the woman were attuned to the strains of the violin. This harmonic rhythm laid hold on her. She was peculiarly susceptible, peculiarly unsophisticated.

MUSIC is perhaps the most primitive of the arts; its appeal more truly universal than that of any other. A fine painting, a noble statue, a masterpiece of literature might have left her unmoved; but Jennie could not fail to respond to beautiful music. She was in such large measure compounded of music herself. She was filled with it, as responsive as a stringed instrument in the hands of a master. The experience of this night intoxicated her and enthralled her; and, though outwardly she was as controlled as was her custom, though her words were steady enough, yet she was full of passionate devotion to this dream which the dancer had conjured up before her eyes, full of a hungry and ardent longing to go forward along the indicated way.

Thus of the four people left about the fire it is accurate to say that two were no longer in their right mind. Dave and Jennie were like persons unaccustomed to strong drink, overpowered by their first experience.

To Steve, and in almost equal measure to the dancer herself, the matter was more truly one of routine. Steve had seen the woman dance before, watching her with cynical amusement. As she had told Jennie, she liked to rise at dawn and for her ordinary calisthenics substitute the dance itself.

At such times Luigi, puffy with sleep, in frowsy pajamas, sat on the steps of the van and played for her. With the woman, these were fundamentally matters of business; these morning dances were a pleasant way of keeping in condition. Nevertheless, she had an eye for the romantic and the beautiful, and found pleasure in them too. Luigi, with the artist's soul, was sometimes disgruntled and morose, but at other times he entered into the spirit of the hour and played enchantingly.

But Steve was quite unmoved either by Luigi's music or by the woman's dancing; unmoved and a little amused sometimes to see how seriously the others viewed the proceedings. To-night he had watched not quite so cynically as usual, because he had sat beside Jennie and could not fail to share to some small extent her reaction. She had been so absorbed that she had not perceived his arm about her waist, but it did not occur to Steve that she had been unconscious of this attention on his part. He watched her as much as he watched the dancer! Now, his cigarette alight, his habitual cynicism returned and he watched them all.

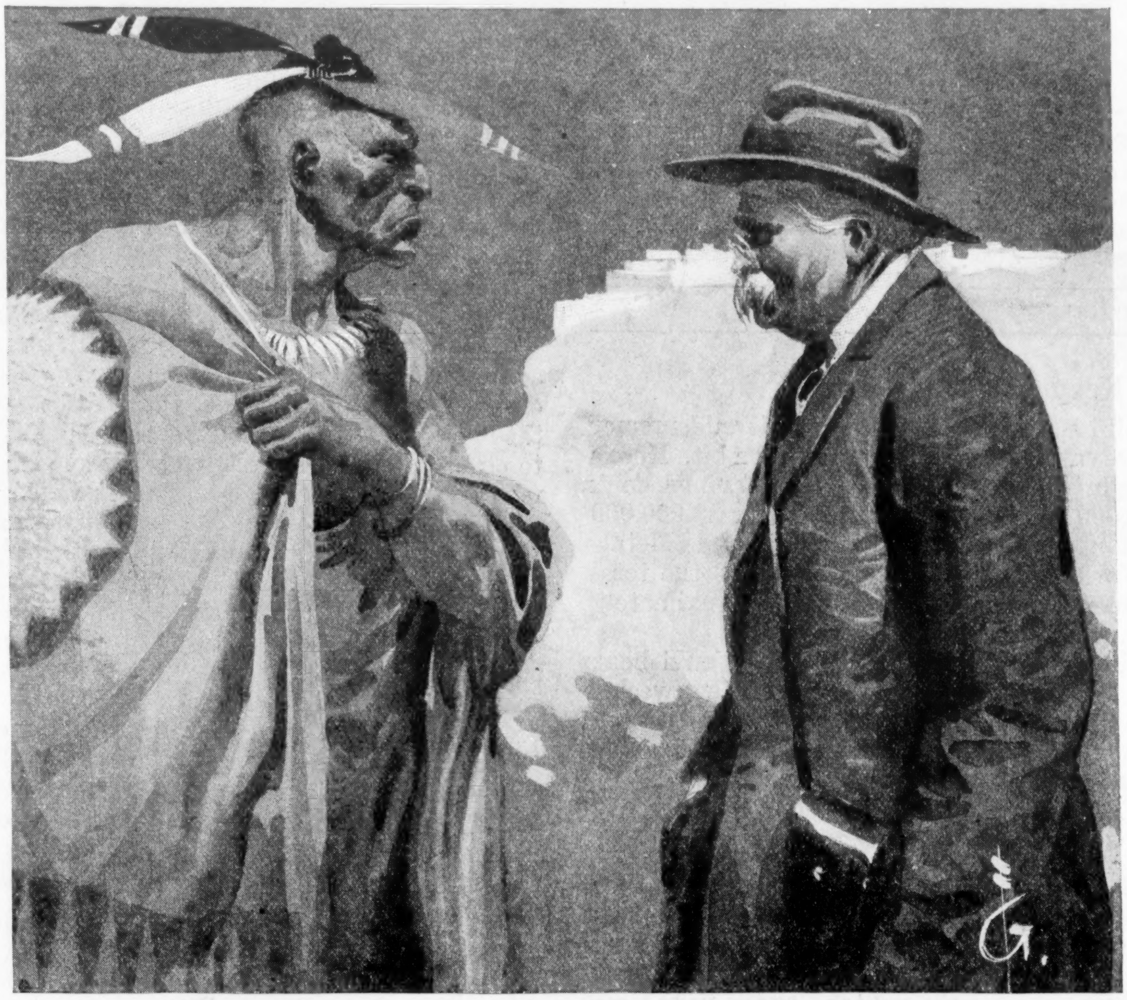
(*Continued on page 30*)

Skinned by the Redskins

Uncle Henry is Pursued by Savages and Gets His Pocketbook Scalped

MY DEAR ALONZO: I'm glad to be able to report that this transcontinental automobile trip of ours is beginning to show signs of being a success. We've torn up our schedules, quit keeping track of the mileage, and it has been three whole days since anyone suggested that we get out and be kodaked with our arms around each other and everybody laughing. Greatest triumph of all, we stopped for a whole hour yesterday afternoon just to watch a sunset, and not a member of the party had to be tied, gagged, and anæsthetized.

The change hasn't come easy, to be sure, for we're true blood Americans, reared in the sacred tradition that a vacation must be taken on the dead run. Even now there are terrible moments when the realization rushes over us that we are on a pleasure trip, and before we know it we are racing again, faces strained and haggard and every eye glued to the speedometer. What makes it still more difficult is the attitude of other, and more confirmed, pleasure seekers, who make up the procession of which we are a part.


"Do you suppose it's any pleasure to me to be running around here half dressed," he said, "when I might be taking my new car out?"

If we stop to enjoy a view or rest a while in the shade of a tree, it causes a regular traffic jam. Amid the harsh grinding of brakes, dust-covered, sweat-stained figures hurry upon us from every direction, bearing jacks and air pumps and spark plugs, for they can't imagine anybody stopping, or even slowing up, except for a breakdown of some kind. "But you must be in trouble," they explain. Explanations have got to be so difficult, involving our very sanity, that whenever we feel like loafing we lower the car into a ravine or else run it back into the heart of some impenetrable thicket.

Attacked in Broad Daylight

AFTER the way I talked about touring, I'm almost ashamed to tell you I'm beginning to like it. For instance, it's sometimes evening before I remember that I haven't seen a morning newspaper, and last night the realization left me practically unmoved. Babe Ruth's home-run record has become a matter of complete indifference to me, and I've even reached the point where I am utterly without interest in Jiggs' efforts to get away from Maggie for an evening.

This is pretty wild country down here, 'Lonzo. You can travel for miles without seeing a sign board and everywhere you turn there's an Indian Reservation.

I have always thought that old-timers exaggerated the perils of Western life, especially in describing the craft and ferocity of the redskins, but now I know they didn't tell the half of it. Why, 'Lonzo, you are attacked in the open street in broad daylight, and even at night you can hear the painted devils prowling around the house, trying to find a door or window open.

I don't want to alarm you, but in my opinion the Indian is more savage, violent, and relentless than ever before. I've already bought five Navaho blankets, twenty pieces of pottery, eighteen wicker baskets, fifteen German silver rings made still more hideous by the insertion of turquoise, and several hundred strings of beads, but the Indians are every bit as ferocious as the day I came.

Several days ago, worn out and desperate, I left the hotel before dawn, crawled on my stomach through the cactus, and never rose to my feet until I gained the shelter of the hills. At noon I untied the rope I'd tied around my waist, and lowered myself into a gorge where the light of day never came. "Here," I said to myself with a sigh of relief, "I can sit for a while without having any darned Indian hounding me to buy something." No sooner had the words left my lips than several hundred Navahos and Pueblos sprang up from behind every rock, all armed to the teeth with baskets, blankets, and beads and uttering fiendish screams that would have excited the envy of an Italian huckster.

Don't talk to me about the Indian atrocities of other days. They were mild and enjoyable compared to their modern pottery. Blankets aren't so bad, for it doesn't hurt to come down on them. Even beads and porcupine-quill ornaments don't give much pain if you're used to riding in a Ford. But when the car hits a rut and you return to your seat and find that a large Pueblo bean jar has rolled over into it, even the most vengeful Indian must feel that much of his ancient grudge has been repaid.

Heaven only knows what we're going to do with all the stuff when we get home. Our attic is filled with the flashlight pictures of banquets I've attended, and the cellar is so crowded by the things my wife saved coupons to buy that we have to keep the coal in the parlor. The souvenirs we bought on last summer's trip are piled under tarpaulin in the back yard and the room over the garage is taken up by Christmas presents. And we haven't even reached the Grand Canyon yet, or Arizona's petrified forest that is being rapidly turned into cuff buttons, card trays, and paper cutters. Drink, 'Lonzo, was never half so much a curse as souvenirs, and if either of the parties had had the courage to put in an anti-souvenir plank, it would have got the entire husband vote.

Beads Upon the Waters

WELL, you've got one thing to be thankful for. When we return you will not be called upon to look at any kodak pictures of the noble red man. Most of these villages charge you $5 for the privilege of snapshooting, and even then the individual native refuses to pose without extra compensation, running from a quarter to a half dollar, the amount dependent upon your ability to take punishment. Urged by the wife, I ventured to take up the matter with one slant-browed savage that had just finished disrobing us to see if we had any cameras concealed on our person.

"Him heap big price," I said, wagging my hands and raising my voice by way of making my meaning clearer.

"Not at all," he replied in English much better than my own. "In view of the inconvenience to which we are put, the fee is absurdly small. Do you suppose it's any pleasure for me to be running around here half dressed when I might be trying out my new car or else taking the children down to the movies? Every day I run the risk of catching my death of cold. And there's the wear and tear of listening to bad grammar."

The Indian is surely a problem, 'Lonzo. When the first settlers gave the simple savage glass beads for such of his land as it wasn't convenient to take outright, it seemed that the incident was closed, but now he's selling the beads back to us. And there's the ghastly uncertainty of knowing just where to put him. At the time we crowded our red brothers into Oklahoma, even the cautious citizens of New England stock agreed that there was nothing in that semi-arid region that the white man could ever want.

"It's yours," we said, pushing them away from the fertile places and stifling his cries of gratitude with a quieting hand on the throat. "And we won't even require you to get licenses for the prairie dogs."

A Chance to Die in Peace

WHO could have dreamed that vast reservoirs of oil bubbled under that parched soil? To-day even the humblest Osage or Cherokee is able to buy Fords by the gross, throwing them away when they commence to ravel. It certainly has been a lesson to us. Here in New Mexico there's quite a movement on foot to take away the land that the Indians now hold, for there's no telling what may be under it, but as there are a good many thousands of them, their disposition is a problem.

Senator Bursum urges putting them on rafts outside the three-mile limit, while others believe that all can be leased to Eastman or the United Cigar Stores.

Only one tribe appears to be safe. At Acoma, a place we passed through yesterday, several hundred men, women, and children live on the top of a rock about one thousand feet above the level of a desert valley.

"But how do you live?" I asked the old chief. "We don't," he said, "but it's a chance to die in peace."

I'll write you from the Grand Canyon if we ever get there. The car is so full of souvenirs right now that we have to take turns walking. HENRY.

Collier's

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AUGUST 16, 1924

Let's Keep Our Shirts On

SOON the campaign will be going full blast. In this midsummer moment of comparative calm let's collect our nerves a bit. Here's a good thought to begin with. During 1923 the savings bank deposits increased $1,140,000,000, or at the rate of over $3,000,000 a day! Vice President Gehle of the Mechanics and Metals National Bank of New York estimates that during 1923 the total gain in the invested wealth of the country was approximately $12,000,000,000.

The good old nation is a pretty solid institution. You'll hear about many grave crises and dangers during the next few weeks. Don't let that worry you. Just keep faith in the country, and search carefully through the campaign chaff for material which will enable you to find a leader you can trust as completely.

Put King Coal on a Monthly Salary

IF OUR climate were changed so that we had furnace weather the year round, we should soon settle the coal trouble that besets us every winter. High prices, freight jams, periodic strikes, can all be blamed on the fact that the four summer months are so warm that none of us will really take thought for the winter—at the very time when any really sensible species, like the ants or the bees, would be laying up stores.

This acrid thought is prompted by the publication in July of a report of a committee of the American Engineering Council:

> The committee recommends that all coal consumers purchase their coal on an annual contract for yearly requirements with a provision that the coal be delivered monthly in equal allotments. It urges that consumers provide necessary storage facilities to meet the terms of such contracts.

Of course. Anyone whose files contain a copy of Collier's for June 24, 1922, will find that very recommendation on the editorial page of that issue. Furthermore, we suggested at that time a practical plan by which a group of people in a community might get together and offer such monthly contracts to their coal dealer on condition that he raise up his voice in his trade association and demand national action for a system of regular monthly deliveries in every part of the country. One consumer is helpless. One dealer is helpless. But one hundred consumers could get one dealer started right, and one hundred dealers could get the nation started right.

By the way, have you ordered your coal yet?

One Way to Save Millions

WHILE looking into the question of mouth hygiene, Collier's found out that parents and politicians need enlightenment. They have to be trained to see the loss of health, happiness, and earning power that results from neglect of the teeth in childhood. When enough of them do see it provision for mouth hygiene in the schools will be made in all community budgets.

The State Charities Aid Association of New York has gone on record in a recent bulletin not only recognizing the need but offering a rather interesting suggestion. It would like (if it could) to take the income from the $60,000,000 recently given by a generous citizen of Pennsylvania for an orphan asylum (perhaps of doubtful value) and use it to take care of all New York State children's teeth. This sum, $3,000,000, would finance a complete dental program for all the million and a half children under fourteen in school.

Were the suggestion acted on, several times $3,000,000 would ultimately be saved, as the present expenses of reëducating children, retarded because of bad teeth, would no longer be necessary. In addition, the results in better health for the next generation would be beyond measure; the amount of repair work to be done would rapidly diminish; and in a few years a large part of the gift would be available for other purposes.

Sounds like a good "buy." What says another generous citizen?

"I Don't Care" Never Won a Battle

THE two daring young Englishmen who perished in the snows of Mount Everest did not lose their lives in vain.

The greatest of mountains looked down unconquered on their failure. Even if they had attained its highest peak, they would have done no more than exult and shiver there for a brief moment, and come down again with a few unimportant barometric observations. What they attempted had no business utility.

And still it was useful. We speak of the scientist's curiosity, which is supposed to drive him on in his labors, but still greater is the stimulant of his fighting spirit, his desire to prevail and to accomplish. And just so, though we speak of the reformer's ideals, or the artist's imagination, these forces would be nothing without the longing to venture and to accomplish. The men who died trying to climb to the top of the world belonged to the great brotherhood who feel the ambition to do hard things.

Gibbon wrote of the Romans in their decline: "The minds of men were gradually reduced to the same level; the fire of genius was extinguished."

Looking forward to an era of world-wide peace, men to-day would run risk of the same reduction of mental and bodily energy but for the example of those who prefer the hard things to the easy ones. The defeated climbers of Everest were among this great group, and they helped spread its example.

There remains only one Everest, but there is no end of the difficult and appealing things to be done. Man's real war, the war with Nature, is but half won. The days of peace will need darers and fighters.

Better Than a Circus

THE Chautauqua season is on. Chautauqua belongs to the small city and country place. Most of the people who attend see and hear less than do folks in cities—and think more. Chautauqua offers new conceptions of life to multitudes. It sends many a youth to college. If human history is "a race between education and catastrophe," the contribution of Chautauqua is big and on the right side.

The movement is fifty years old. Bishop Vincent, its founder, described it in these words:

> Chautauqua is an idea, embracing the "all things" of life, art, science, society, religion, patriotism. . . . Chautauqua is a force, developing the realities of life in the consenting personality; applying to the individual the energies that make for character, wisdom, and vision, vast horizons, ever-brightening ideals, strength of resolve, serenity of soul, rest in God, and the multiplied ministries that enable the individual to serve society.

An idea and a force—the duality which always achieves. Here the idea is entirely good and the force is the elemental desire in men to be something better than they are. That Chautauqua responds to a great human impulse is shown by its duration and growth. Its results are not the kind that can be measured.

The Vacation Crop

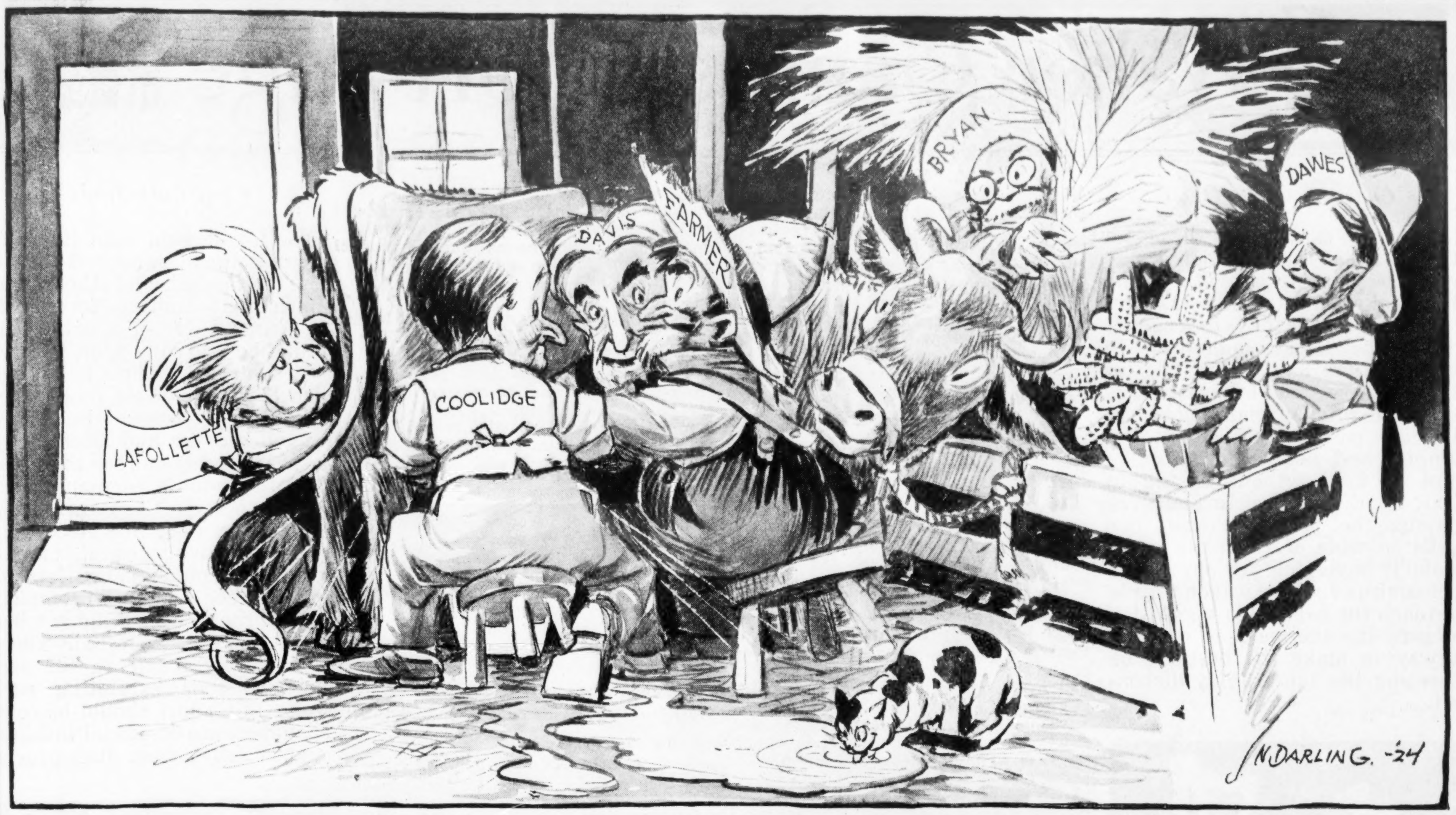
ALL play and no work makes anybody dull. Vacations are a good thing because the change shakes up your mind and may perhaps jolt you out of some of your bad habits. But man does not live by idleness alone and it is literally true that those who do nothing come in time to be nothing.

From the sun and air and activities of this summer-time your body is laying up strength for next winter. If you don't get it now, next February will find you running behind in health.

So with your mind. Nobody recommends dictionaries and encyclopedias as vacation equipment, but if your mind puts in the summer just rusting, the boss is going to find you out before New Year's Day.

Same with your soul. If the summer's helpful heat is too much for your kindness and your joy, if you put in vacation days in gossip and grouch, then September will see you merely meaner and smaller than you are now.

Give the summer a chance and see what it can do for the rest of your year.



Looks as if there isn't going to be any shortage of help for the farm this year

A Good Word With a Bad Reputation

By E. W. Howe

WE SEEM to be in trouble in public affairs. I believe all will accept this statement, however quarrelsome their dispositions. And the main trouble oppressing us, so far as I am able to make out, is we have adopted too many experiments resulting in new evils rather than in getting rid of old ones.

The remedy plainly is to return to old plans which have worked better: if in traveling we got on the wrong road, surely it is wise to turn back and travel the road experience has demonstrated leads to the place we are going.

Yet orators and writers speak of reactionists as opposed to education, loyalty, honesty, progress, and the better things of life generally.

The writing and speaking men have managed to get a mean sound and look into the word "reactionist" that causes most people to tremble with indignation.

We have reached a stage in our public affairs where everyone should do a good deal of serious thinking and less frivolous talking, and without any desire to start another controversy I wish humbly to express the opinion that reaction is the precise policy that should meet with favor now. Either 99 per cent of present grumbling is wrong or we have wandered from the right road in public affairs.

At the place where we turned off, there was a plain sign pointing out the right road, but we were angrily arguing at the time, and passed it, although a good many of the neighbors ran after us with a warning.

Is there anything wrong in getting back humbly to the right road and keeping a sharper lookout in future for reliable signs? We have now proceeded so far on the wrong road there can be no doubt about it: the present traveling grows steadily more difficult, and surely former journeyings of the same nature as ours have somewhere marked a road where we may proceed with less dissension and interruption of our necessary work.

Action is a fine word, but in our numerous activities we inevitably try plans that will not work; mistakes are unavoidable in a busy world. Thus reaction also becomes a good word.

In the history of human progress, reaction has played a great part. It was reaction, trying better plans, that resulted in the present steam engine, telephone, and electric light, undeniably far in advance of old models their inventors thought good enough. Reaction from bad morals resulted in such good morals as we have. Reaction is really the true progress. Reaction is nothing more than an improvement on yesterday's actions and mistakes.

There need be no fear that reaction will ever go too far: a really good thing is never permanently abandoned. How generally matches are used on the face of the earth, no one wishing to return to flint and steel, or keeping fire overnight to start to-morrow's breakfast!

There is an old story that roast meat was discovered when a man's house burned down, his pigs with it. In trying to remove the bodies of the pigs, he burned his fingers, placed them in his mouth, and liked the taste so well that thereafter for a considerable time men burned their houses to roast their meat. It was a ruinous and expensive custom, and reaction found a better way of cooking pork, without anyone's wishing to return to the old plan.

I beg the professional writing and talking men to be less severe with the word "reaction." It is a policy we need, not only in public affairs but every day and hour in our private lives. A reactionary or conservative no less sincerely desires honest progress, and no less enjoys it, when accomplished, than the actionist. I do not believe there is on the face of the earth a man or woman who would give up any of the real progress accomplished by experience and suffering during the long years of human history. Progress is only comfort, convenience, an easier way, and one selfish man enjoys these things as much as another. There is no organization of men trying to destroy good morals, or any other useful and worthy thing we have discovered. Our trouble is that when we get off the right road we quarrel too long and destructively before getting back to the right one.

I am told it is probable the planet Mars is inhabited. It may have people suffering for food, or for the advice of our active Americans. There may be young people there in need of the services of our expert dentists, missionaries, or specialists in hookworm. Therefore it may be desirable to build a railroad to Mars, in order to rush in freight trains carrying supplies and passenger trains bearing welfare workers.

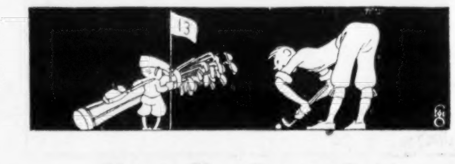
But if a railroad to Mars is plainly impossible, it seems to me we should be willing to let the Martians take care of themselves, as we have long been compelled to do, until such time as we can think up a better plan, and straighten out our own tangled affairs.

Such criticism as this writing contains is not intended entirely for our public men; most of it is for more humble citizens, of which I am one. When ordinary voters acquire better sense and habits, statesmen will be more disposed to imitate them.

Walter Camp's Sport Page

Cheating in the Open

Baseball can't get away from the fact that the intentional pass must be done away with if the rule makers are to make any pretense of offering the fans a square deal. The latest suggestion to help matters along until the intentional pass has been barred is that the pitcher planning a deliberate pass simply signal the umpire and allow the batter to trot to first without having to wait for the farcical formality of having the pitcher throw four balls so wide of the plate as to make it impossible for any batter not equipped with a wagon tongue to touch the ball. This suggestion at least has the merit of offering a way to make the business of cheating the fan frankly dishonest.



Hagen Has One to Get

Walter Hagen, with victories abroad this year in both the British and Belgian open golf championships, has now won every major professional golf title in the world with the exception of the Canadian open. Winning the Canadian title has been rather difficult for Hagen because he has never been entered for that event. He intends, however, to remedy the deplorable state of affairs that finds even a single title missing from his championship collection and has already entered Canada's 1924 open.

* * *

Joe Kirkwood, one of the master shot makers of golf, rarely plays his best game in any tournament in which Walter Hagen is entered. With Hagen absent, Kirkwood always rates as one of the most dangerous of all contenders. What is the answer to this apparent mystery? A partial explanation may be that Kirkwood bet more on Hagen in the British open of 1923 than he bet on himself. Walter Hagen bet several pounds on Walter Hagen and then, just to make sure that he was properly protected, he bet several more pounds on Walter Hagen. All of which may throw at least a little light on some recent happenings.

Firpo Doesn't Want Advice

"This time," Luis Firpo is quoted as saying on leaving the Argentine for another fistic invasion of the United States, "I am not going to accept advice from anybody but myself. I am going to be the architect of my own fortunes. Knocking out Wills will be the least of my troubles. What will bother me most will be the people who want to tell me what to do and how to do it."

If memory is not treacherous Firpo followed exactly the same plan on his previous visit. And again, if memory still provides a proper check on the vital statistics, Firpo lost his fight with Dempsey even after he had knocked the heavyweight champion through the ropes. Ears that are open are sometimes as helpful in the pursuit of a championship as a right-hand uppercut. Dempsey himself has the greatest left hook the ring has ever known largely because he was tractable enough in the beginning to allow his trainers to strap his right hand to his side while he sparred for months with his left as his only weapon of attack.

Work vs. Genius

"Over a distance," J. H. Horton writes, "how do you rate extreme brilliancy as against unbreakable steadiness? Has the candidate with genius to begin with an edge that the patient plodder can't overcome?"

Not in this day of world-wide competition where the worker is willing to stake his energy and patience against the best of natural gifts. Two examples of the brilliant type are George Duncan and R. Norris Williams. Duncan can, at times, play the most inspired golf of any man living. He lacks steadiness, however, and is never a dependable entry in any championship. Williams has shots on his racquet such as no other player can deliver, but here again is the case of a temperamental artist incapable of constantly offering his best.

Ty Cobb, Bill Tilden, and Jack Dempsey are the three outstanding figures in sport who have combined great brilliancy with the toil that is inevitably necessary in the development of dependable steadiness. The result of the combination in all three cases has been unbeatable. The factor of work, however, has been more important in developing their magic skill than the factor of native genius.

No Rules Against Trying

"How far we will get I don't know," Arthur Fletcher said recently in discussing the chances of his Philadelphia team. "Maybe we will not get any higher than we are now and maybe we'll slip back again, but whether we climb or whether we drop it will not be for lack of trying."

Arthur Fletcher may, in the near future, manage a pennant winner. More than one champion has suddenly risen to the top when he realized that the only thing that was holding him back was the lack of a complete understanding that there is no rule in any sport that bars a man from the field for trying.

Attagirl

"I enjoyed the game immensely—in fact, most of the time I thought I was going to win," Helen Wills said in talking of her defeat at Wimbledon by Miss McKane. "Just how I lost my big lead I'll never be able to say. However, I'm not a bit tired and quite ready for the Olympics. It's not taken me long to find my form over here and I'm playing every bit as well as in America."

The absence of the alibi in this statement is quite noticeable. Miss Wills is a real sportswoman and a great tennis player.

Emotional Champion

"Isn't competitive spirit," a reader inquires, "a freakish thing that must be inherited? Aren't the champions who refuse to become excited in the pinch simply men who have been fortunate enough to have been born with no nerves?"

Not at all. All the great champions have been men endowed with tremendous nervous force, but men who have learned to hold that force under control. The cow is by inheritance a placid creature, but there aren't many betting men who would give odds favoring that animal in a race against the more nervous horse.

Alonzo Stagg once declared that the first quality he looked for in an athlete was "the capacity for nervous emotion." The nervous emotion that is uncontrolled causes a man to scatter his effort and to burn himself out. Control it and the same spiritual force will enable you to produce brilliancy when a super effort alone will win.

Made-Overs

"Among the swimmers who have written American swimming history in recent years," L. de B. Handley writes in the New York "World," "are men and women who, before they took up natatorial activities, suffered from such varied troubles as curvature of the spine, hip disease, throat or lung affections, rheumatism, nervous complaints, constitutional weakness, indigestion, muscular debility, and other ills. And these former weaklings, some of them virtual cripples, were reconstructed through swimming into sturdy athletes, national or world beaters."

And there are still men who querulously declare that if they could only force themselves to take a few minutes of regular exercise each day or curtail excessive smoking and coffee drinking they could achieve good physical condition!

Quitters Don't Come Back

In the June 28th issue of Collier's I declared that the front runner or the man behind who fails to give everything he has until the race is finished is guilty of quitting. V. G. Dunkley of Oakland, California, forwards further proof of this principle with a report of J. H. Stineman's remarkable victory at the Sequoyah Country Club over H. C. Cassidy. Stineman spotted his opponent four holes and going to the 10th he was 8 down.

"Winning the tenth with a birdie 3," Mr. Dunkley writes, "and actually shooting the last nine holes in 32 strokes, Stineman squared the match at the 18th. He won on the 19th with another birdie 3. Stineman was 4 under par for those last 10 holes. I think this is the greatest comeback I have ever seen or heard of."

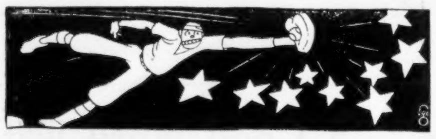
Great Hearts—Great Records

"Any man is just as big as his heart." The remark is a common one in the fall when the football coaches are sounding the call for candidates for the team.

The record books of sport back up this declaration of faith. Cyril Walker, the American open golf champion, weighs 118 pounds. Little Bill Johnston won two national tennis titles and the scales never slipped by the 125-pound mark when he was weighed. Charley Buell was one of the smallest men that ever wore a Harvard uniform—and one of the greatest. Dickie Kerr didn't allow the smallness of his stature to interfere with the business of striking out a giant when such a task was scheduled. David didn't do so badly against Goliath.

What Golf Needs

"Golf will soon take its place as our national game." Thus the most enthusiastic of those who believe that hunting for par is the greatest of all sports. The prediction will come true, but two vital things must first be accomplished. There must be cheaper golf with the courses built first for golf players and later, when and if it is practical, for the stars. Then there must be many more courses to meet the growing enthusiasm for the game. According to a newspaper account, two of New York's municipal golfers recently needed 7 hours to complete a single round on a Sunday when the links were congested. There is something tragic in the fact that two men exhibiting such loyalty to a sport should be compelled, because of official indifference, to suffer such discomforts.



Why Cobbs Are Scarce

Ty Cobb, starting the final half of the season with 101 hits to his credit, is fighting for another full season that will yield him 200 hits. Through the long stretch of two decades baseball has known no one quite like Cobb, a star in batting, running the bases, fielding, and, more important still, thinking. Yet every year sees a recruit or two in the major leagues with everything the great Georgian had to start with. Why, then, has there been only one Cobb? Because these other youngsters haven't, with strict attention to training rules, unflagging enthusiasm, study, and work, invested their original capital of ability as Cobb has done.

Write Your Own Moral

An author friend of mine was recently sought out by a would-be beginner in literature, who wanted advice.

"I suppose," said the beginner, "that getting the stories placed with the big magazines is mostly pull, isn't it? If you don't know the editor you just get your manuscript back, don't you?"

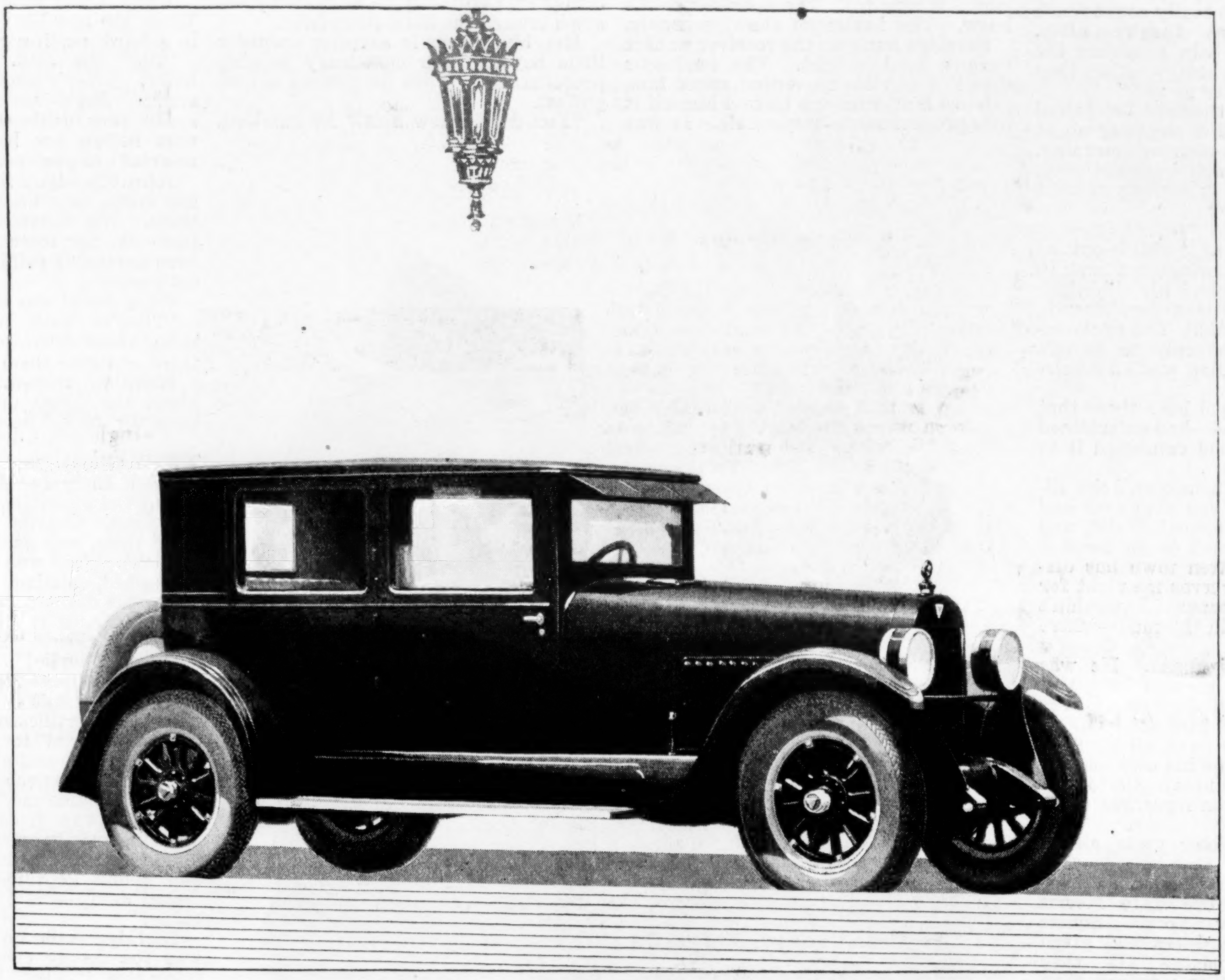
"Well," my author friend replied, "you can't get 'em back if you don't send 'em in."

What has this story got to do with sport?

Out of the Kitchen, Mother

Mrs. Frances Cowells Schroth of San Francisco was a member of the American Olympic swimming team—and a mother. The old theory that motherhood meant a placid withdrawal from all activities outside the home, with all athletic activity except the daily 1,000-lap kitchen marathon barred, is disappearing. As it vanishes the race will improve.

The Improved COACH on the HUDSON Super-Six



For the First Time in History

Closed Car Comforts at EXACTLY Open Car Cost

Full Size, GENUINE Balloon Tires

The Easiest Steering and Riding Hudson Ever Built

$1500

Freight and Tax Extra

This Hudson Coach makes history. It is the first closed car ever to sell at exactly open car cost.

And Hudson, alone, can build it. As the largest producer of 6-cylinder closed cars in the world, Hudson exclusively holds the advantages to create this car and this price.

Greatest of All Hudson Achievements

And now full size balloon tires are standard equipment. Do not confuse with "semi-balloon" types. Hudson's are genuine full size balloon tires—33" x 6.20". Compare the difference.

Hudson has not simply "added balloon tires." Both running and steering gear have been especially designed to compensate for the radical differences balloon tires bring.

The result is the easiest steering, most comfortable and steadiest riding Hudson ever built. And braking efficiency is almost doubled.

More than ever, "Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost" is the uppermost buying issue. The Coach dominates that position.

In less than three years it revolutionized buying, with closed car comforts for all.

Note how fast it is displacing open cars. Never will their old-time popularity return. And the rate of open car depreciation grows swifter as knowledge of this condition spreads. Consider what a used open car will bring a year from today.

As the wanted type the Coach maintains the highest resale value against the waning desirability of the open car.

So Why Buy an Open Car?

The Man Who Was Satisfied

Continued from page 15

mad she couldn't speak. I wish you could have seen her. It would have brought home to you what I'm saying; it's a damned sight better to know what's good for you, and be satisfied with it, than to try to keep reaching out after something more and losing what you got already."

Peter Burton arose and replaced the mimeograph in its case. "Perhaps," he said quietly. "But you are judging your own success by other people's failures, John. The ones who really count reach out—and get what they're after. Some way I can't help admiring the ones who reach, anyhow, whether they get what they're after or not."

He moved toward the door, but halted on the threshold. "I'm stopping up at the hotel until to-morrow morning. Think the mimeograph business over, and let me know if you decide you want one."

AS BURTON'S car rattled out of hearing, John Elbridge sat back in his chair, looked around his cubbyhole of an office, and drew a deep breath.

"Nonsense!" he said. The exclamation was Elbridge's reply to Peter's contention that reaching was an admirable quality.

The woman who had been there that morning—Kitty Jewel—had entertained the same idea and had expressed it in more cogent terms:

"You think you're a success, John Elbridge! Good Lord, you ain't ever had the guts to take a chance! I did, and now you say the blame's on me because somebody in this rotten town has disgraced my girl. It serves me right for trying to climb—because I wouldn't stick here with you in the mud—where it's soft!"

Elbridge shook his head. He was sorry for Kitty Jewel, and he pitied Peter Burton, but all the same it was gratifying to compare their lot with his. Oh, he'd been a wise man all right to stay in Darien. Judge his own success by other people's failures? Certainly! That was the way you measured prosperity in this world.

He hadn't told Peter quite all of Kitty Jewel's story. One episode of it was better unpublished. It had happened the night before Kate Morris had left for New York. Squire Ellis's wife and daughters had given her a farewell party. (If they should see her now, they wouldn't even speak to her!) Elbridge at the time had imagined himself deeply in love with Kate, and after the song that she had sung from Squire Ellis's porch steps, he had followed her out to the dark, shadowy lawn, and asked her to marry him. He remembered her clear, cool laugh.

"You!" she had cried, and a thousand words could not have said so much. "No, John. Find some one who is willing to stay in Darien!" (What condescension she had implied!) "I want bigger things."

But that morning had evened matters. Kitty Jewel had had the grace to recognize their reversed positions. "It's your inning now," she had said.

John Elbridge looked out into the store again, and rose hastily to his feet. Several customers had come in and Joel was being rushed. Elbridge went out to help him, but a few steps beyond his office door halted in abrupt surprise.

ELLEN LUCAS, whom he had supposed to be attending the carnival with Charlie in White Falls, was standing by the dry-goods counter. He went to her at once. "Why, Ellie, you back so soon? Where's Charlie?"

The girl pouted. "How should I know? I haven't seen him to-day."

"But I thought he was going to take you over to White Falls?"

Ellen hunched her shoulders. "That's what I thought. But he didn't."

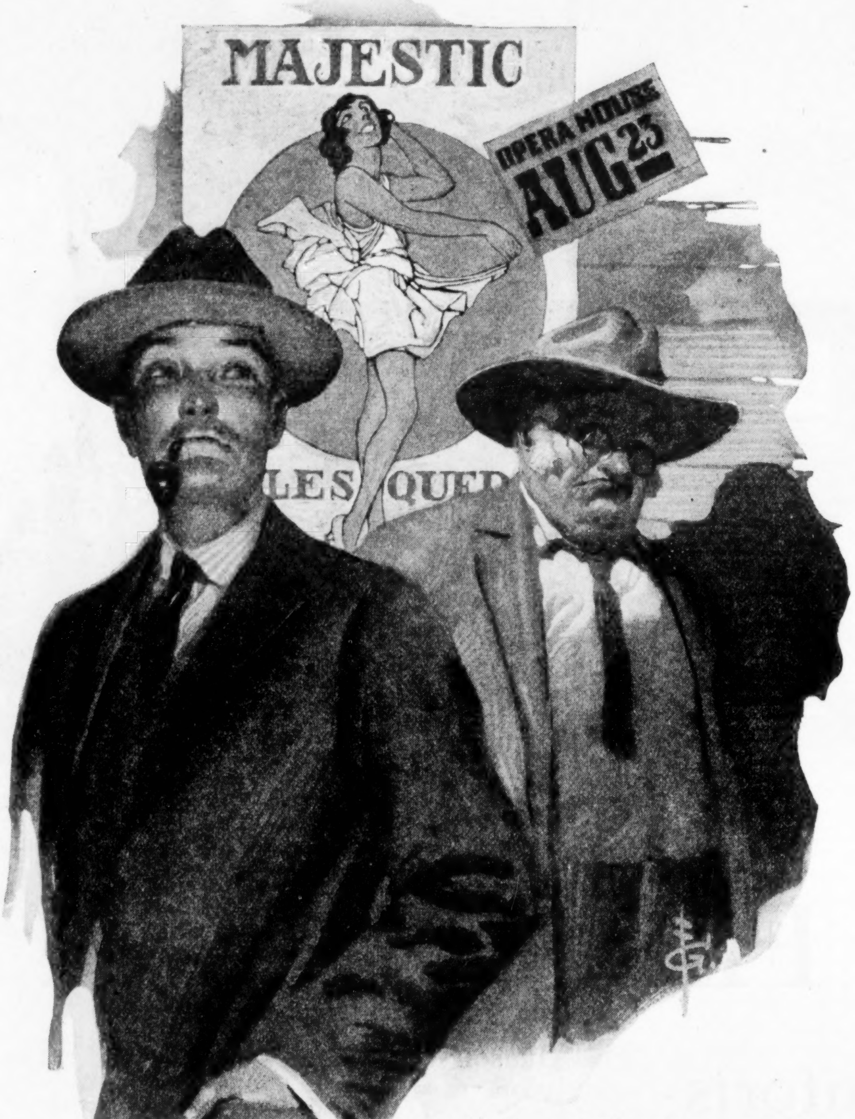
This was serious. Confound the boy! If he and Ellen should have a quarrel!

Suddenly John Elbridge made a noise very like a gasp. Peter Burton had met Charlie that morning—with a girl. Could—no, Peter couldn't have been mistaken. He had stopped and talked with the boy—let him have a gallon of gas.

"Something — something's wrong!" Elbridge told Ellen disjointedly. "I'm going to find out."

He returned to the office and called the Camp. The reply he got to his question sickened him. Charlie hadn't been seen there since the night before. He'd gone away with several companions. Where to? The operator didn't know. The burlesque show, probably.

Elbridge hung up the receiver as if it were a lead weight. The burlesque show! A terrible conviction seized him, gripped him, although he told himself it was preposterous—impossible. It was some other girl that Peter had seen with Charlie But suppose it weren't! Unsteadily he pushed his chair back from the desk and stood up—utterly shaken. He did not know what to do, but he knew he must do something—at once.



At the postoffice door something happened that irritated John Elbridge. He met the Stranger

Kitty Jewel! She had come there that morning seeking aid from him for her daughter. But Elbridge had forgotten that. He thought only of how Kitty Jewel might help him now.

She was at the hotel, of course. He must go there immediately. She might leave at any moment—might be leaving now. In torture he remembered having told her to go to the next town and look for her daughter there.

The bus for the three-thirty train was drawn up before Del Murchins's Darien Hotel when Elbridge arrived. The storekeeper knew it was near train time. That was why he had feared he might be too late.

Only one passenger, however, was in evidence. As Elbridge panted up the drive, the Stranger whom he had met in the postoffice came out of the hotel and climbed aboard.

There had been no other train since morning. Elbridge found momentary consolation in the thought that Kitty Jewel must still be at the hotel. In this temporary flash of relief, however, his former irritation at the Stranger returned. The man was leaving town as much of a mystery as he had come.

"Who was that got onto the bus?" he demanded petulantly as he came up the steps toward the hotel proprietor.

Murchins's eyes in surprise opened a little beyond their customary bulging protuberance. Then he uttered a loud guffaw.

"You don't know him?" he rumbled. "Say, that's rich. Sorry I can't introduce him now, but maybe you'll get to meet him later. That's Mr. William Ames, representin' the American Chain Stores Company, I-n-c." Murchins paused for dramatic effect. "He's just bought up that vacant lot across from your store—he says the American Company is goin' to start buildin' to onct. Reckon, John, you ain't goin' to have a corner on the trade in this burg no longer."

HE WATCHED expectantly, waiting for Elbridge to get the full effect of this information. Perhaps he would not have been so grievously disappointed if Kitty Jewel had not come into the "reception-room"—Murchins's Darien Hotel made no affectatious pretenses at a lobby—behind them, at that moment.

Elbridge saw the woman and stepped quickly past the hotel proprietor toward her. At sight of him, Kitty Jewel's eyes flashed a peculiar light. Her lips contracted to a straight line. She drew herself to a sort of triumphant erectness.

"I came to see you," he exclaimed.

"Yes?" she said. "I was just going to call you on the phone. I—"

But Elbridge interrupted, mindful of Murchins's fat presence in the doorway. "I want to see you alone."

Murchins disappeared, heavily and reproachfully.

"How did you find out so soon?" the woman asked, eyeing Elbridge. "I thought—"

"Find out—what?" His voice cracked in sudden apprehension.

Kitty Jewel looked at him quickly. When she saw his fear, her lips parted in a hard, curling smile.

"Oh," she said. "Then you don't know. Lissy's come back. She's upstairs. She's—married"—Kitty Jewel spoke very deliberately, torturing the man before her by the delay—"she's married: *to your son.*"

John Elbridge's lips opened, but only his mute, dry breath passed through them. His conviction had been realized—oh, far more than that! It had been damnably fulfilled beyond his wildest panic.

Kitty Jewel was speaking again.

"They're both up-stairs. Shall I bring them down, or will you come up there—to give them your blessing?"

Elbridge choked. His eyes roved about the dingy public room. "I'll—come up there," he answered thickly.

IT WAS no happy bridal party to which Kitty Jewel introduced him in one of Del Murchins's dismal little back bedrooms. Charlie, his back turned toward them, was gazing sullenly out the window. Lissy was huddled on the foot of the bed, sniffling.

Charlie did not look around until Elbridge crossed to him and caught him by the shoulder. "You're not—married—to her, Charlie?"

The boy did not reply, but Kitty Jewel did. "Oh, aren't they?" She thrust a marriage certificate under Elbridge's eyes. He read it painfully. It was quite complete and authentic—issued by a justice of the peace in Beaconstown.

"Don't blame me," Charlie muttered, turning away from the window and standing sulkily before his father. "It's your fault. It wouldn't 've happened if you hadn't kept me here—in this infernal dump—till I was sick of everything."

Elbridge made no reply to that. He was too deeply concerned with something else. "Why," he cried in anguish, "why did you marry—*her?*" He made a helpless gesture toward Lissy.

At his words the girl sat up, her cheeks flaming.

Charlie turned back to the window. "I don't know," he said sullenly.

Kitty Jewel stepped between Elbridge and her daughter. "I know," she broke in with a harsh voice. "Can't you smell it on him, John Elbridge? Don't be such a fool! He was drunk. Maybe they both were—enough so they didn't know what they were doing."

It was the boy who flushed now. "Well, what of it?" he snapped, facing his father and Kitty Jewel in peevish defiance. "Maybe we were drunk." He hesitated and looked toward Lissy. For an instant she returned his gaze with angry resentment. Then she bit her lip and fell to hysterical sobbing again. Charlie shrugged with disgust.

"We—*she* and I," he said, "went out in the car, you know—" Kitty Jewel nodded grimly. "Well, we rode around—I don't know how long. I got kind of muddled and didn't know just where I was. So I stopped the car. Then I must've gone to sleep. Anyway, it was morning when I woke up. *She* was still asleep in the other end of the seat. Then we started on—and she woke up. We were on the way to Beaconstown, but the gas gave out before we got there. Old Peter Burton came along—you know, the old guy that sells stuff—and I got enough of him to get to a gas station. But he knew me. Then—*she* got scared, and said she was disgraced, and all that, if anybody found out about us. So we got married—I don't know—why."

"Hell!" The girl's voice cut in contemptuously from behind them. "You're a martyr, ain't you?" She dabbed at her eyes with a soggy handkerchief. "Who suggested getting married? You didn't worry none! You didn't think about getting in wrong—oh, no!"

Charlie gazed out the window. "I guess it looked like a chance, then, to get away from Ellie Lucas," he made morose acknowledgment. "I was going to take her over to White Falls to-day, wasn't I?"

He slumped down on the chair near him and buried his face in his arms. John Elbridge, too, realized that he was feeling weak, but there was no other chair in the room. So he sat down on the bed, near Lissy. The girl moved a little farther away. Of the four persons in the room, Kitty Jewel alone remained standing. Her hard eyes flitted from one face to another, and came to rest at length on Elbridge. She waited.

ELBRIDGE shifted cautiously to examine the girl beside him. She had stopped crying, he discovered, and was glancing at him. When she saw his gaze, however, she hastily looked away. Elbridge remembered that Peter Burton had said she was pretty. Well, she wouldn't be bad looking, he admitted to himself, if she hadn't sniveled so much. He looked across the room to his son.

"So," he said, "you're married. What about it?"

The boy shrugged. "I don't know," he repeated tonelessly.

Elbridge turned to the girl. "How old are you?"

For a moment he thought she was not going to answer. Then, "Nineteen," she said.

"Have you always been—on the stage?"

"She's always been with me." Lissy's mother did not give her a chance to reply for herself. "Jewel was a vaudeville performer when I married him."

Elbridge gulped mentally. In Darien "the stage" and vice were synonymous. He pictured what the town would say when it learned that his son was married to a chorus girl—from a traveling burlesque show.

"The marriage might be annulled," he said, thinking aloud, rather than speaking to anyone else in the room.

At his tone Lissy's eyes burned. Her head went up in scorn. "I hope—" she began, but Kitty Jewel interrupted.

"So you ain't satisfied with my daughter for your son's wife? You're afraid of what people'd say. Don't you think they'd find out, anyway? What about this man over in Beaconstown that married 'em? Don't you suppose he's told of it by this time? What about Del Murchins, down-stairs? Do you think you could keep *this* from him? Will water run through a sieve?"

Elbridge groaned.

"It's a lot better that they got married than it would've been if they hadn't," she added, perhaps with more cynicism than sincerity. "And you ain't the only one whose pride'll get stepped on by it. It won't exactly be fun for me—owning up that I'm the grand opera prima donna prospect that went away from here twenty-five years ago."

"Good Lord, woman;" Elbridge exclaimed in horror. "You don't mean to take this marriage as—as something that's going to last—and be lived up to?"

"Why not?" Kitty Jewel began, when Lissy sprang to her feet and confronted him, her hands clinched, her whole body trembling. Kitty Jewel clutched at her, but the girl brushed her mother furiously aside. Her raging humiliation would bear restraint no longer.

"What are you," she cried, " to come here croaking about *his* living up to something?" She pointed toward Charlie. "What about me? Do you think I'm pining to have him for a husband! What do you know about it? Ain't I got some feelings! Keep your nose out of this—and you, too, ma. I reckon you've got enough to do to tend to your own affairs. You leave me alone! Ain't things bad enough now, without you kicking up a row, and making 'em a damned sight worse—"

The girl's voice had risen higher and higher, until she uttered the last words in a hysterical shriek, then crumpled down on the bed and fell to sobbing harder than before.

Elbridge stared at her helplessly. Charlie's voice aroused him. The boy got to his feet and stood confronting them, an expression strange to his father beginning to creep across his face.

"Quit picking on her," he commanded, "or you'll have me to settle with! She's my wife."

Elbridge gaped. "Charlie!" he cried. "Don't be a fool!"

The boy scowled. "You've been hounding me to get married. Well, now I am. I'd rather have her than Ellie Lucas."

Kitty Jewel smiled grimly. "It's as good as lots of marriages," she remarked with callous optimism, "if not better. They can't neither one of 'em begin their happy wedded life with false notions about the other."

If Elbridge had been suspended in midair by an invisible giant, he might have experienced the same sensations that he felt at that moment. His son would rather have this chorus girl than Ellen Lucas! Maybe Ellen would have notions of her own about having Charlie now!

A defensive flash of resentment brought him to his feet.

"You're so good at settling things, go ahead. I don't intend to interfere."

He walked to the door, turned the knob, hesitated for a moment for someone to say something, but no one spoke. John Elbridge opened the door and went out.

It was not until his eye fell on the vacant lot opposite the store that he remembered the calamity that was impending. The afternoon had seen his cherished dream for his son shattered to hopeless fragments, but that was not enough; financial ruin stared him in the face. The American Chain Stores Company, largest and most powerful corporation of its kind in the East, was coming to Darien as his competitor—to crush him, as it had crushed long-established merchants before in other and larger villages.

Suddenly John Elbridge felt very weak and small, as if he were alone in the path of an oncoming avalanche. From what quarter could he look for help? His own son had turned against him. Peter Burton? Burton was an ass, but—

Elbridge returned to the hotel and asked for him.

"He's went over to Carterville," said Murchins, "but he's comin' back to-night."

"Tell him to call me when he gets here. I'll be at the store."

HE FOUND Joel greatly worried. It was five o'clock and the clerk's eating time. Joel had begun to fear he would have to forego his schedule. Elbridge sent him on his way and sat down to think. There were no customers to disturb him. Five o'clock was a slack hour. It reduced itself to this. He had got to face competition at last—against terrible odds. Darien was not large enough for two stores. No one knew that better than John Elbridge. Would his syndicate rival leave anything for him?

He recalled the scheme Peter Burton had suggested that afternoon. Suppose he put it into practice? How many families could he reach? A hundred; perhaps more. That would have been Charlie's job—to get these new customers—if he had settled down as his father had planned.

The storekeeper wondered bitterly if Charlie would ever settle down now—married to that burlesque chorus girl! Like an answer came the memory of the strange new expression on the boy's face when he had risen to Lissy's defense. John Elbridge suddenly caught a gleam of hope. Could any good possibly come out of all this turmoil? Did miracles still happen?

The telephone bell rang twice before he heeded it.

"Hello." Peter Burton's voice spoke when Elbridge lifted the receiver. "That you, John? Del just said you wanted to talk to me."

"Yes I do. Suppose you come over." A glint of humor crept into John Elbridge's tone. "I want to place an order for a mimeograph."

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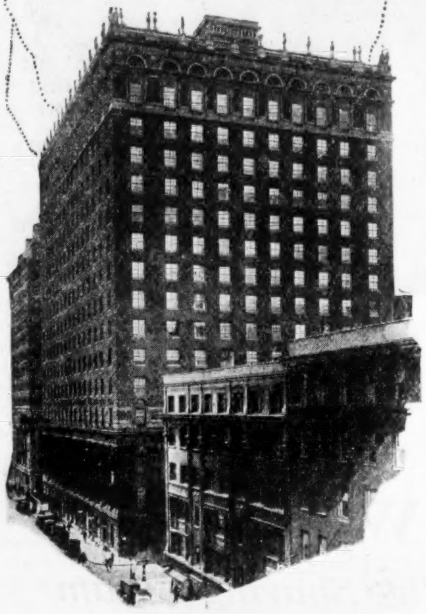

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The wonderful new
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Dark for Liars

Continued from page 7

now "pretty good." One man entered the lie chamber a debonair, smiling young bond salesman; he left it, after a few minutes' interview with Leonarde Keeler and his machine, a self-confessed bank robber. A giant negro who had been impervious to the assaults of the third degree, speedily confessed to the murder of which he was accused. In both of these cases the machine first caught the witness in a lie; then the witness, becoming confused, broke down and confessed.

But not all the lie detector's good work gets into the court records. There was, for instance, a thievery epidemic which swept a certain sorority at a university, in which many students were involved. At the suggestion of the house manager, a popular girl, the girls gave themselves a word-association test with which they had become familiar in their psychological studies. The test implicated a girl who had never been very popular with her mates, and pressure was used to gain her resignation from the sorority. She appealed to her parents, who in turn appealed to the university authorities. The latter called on Leonarde Keeler and his machine.

The accused girl stood the test admirably. So did the other girls, until at last they came to the pretty little house manager. She broke badly under the questioning, and finally confessed. The inquiry which started her on her way was a simple one:

"Do you think that the test given here before was of any real value in placing the blame for the thefts?"

The girl managed an outwardly calm "yes"—but the little pen began its death dance, the red light flashed, and the girl was undone!

The commercial possibilities of the lie detector would seem to be enormous. But I recall the answer of the old professor in the playlet about the dancing doll.

"Congratulations!" said the husband, when he first learned of the doll. "Professor, your invention will make a fortune."

"On the contrary," said the wise old man, "I consider it practically worthless. Every home should be without one!"

Fortunately, the high-spirited young men who are living day and night with the real lie-detecting idea are equally altruistic. They are true scientists. They have no commercial ambitions. "When we get it right," said one of them, "we'll hand it over to the American Medical Society, and turn to something else." There is, therefore, no immediate danger of the lie detector following the talking machine and the radio set into the intimacy of domestic life. Perhaps, it is just as well!

Coward's Courage

Continued from page 11

down, brother.' When I tell old Achmetof, I'm sure we shall laugh like anything.

"There were three little squares of broken biscuit for us that morning. There should have been four. I did not say anything. I joked about it and asked Radomir riddles. He loves riddles, but he never guessed one of them that morning. We talked a great deal and fast, so that we should not hear the catch in Serge's breath. We wanted to save him, the young one with all those things in his head. But because of what was in our minds, we spoke things we had better have left in silence.

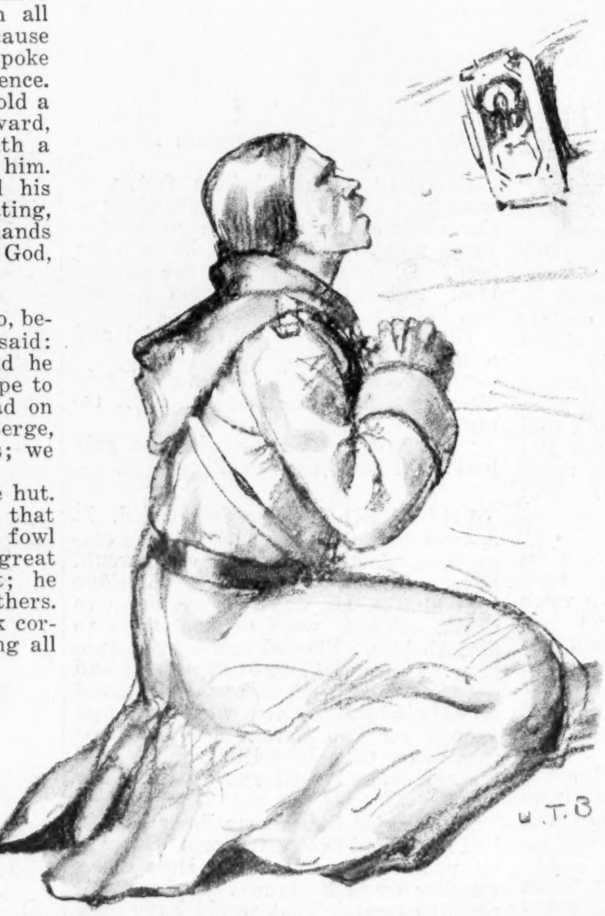
"It was very funny. Radomir told a story of a man who had been a coward, and his comrades led him out with a white cloth over his head and shot him. I saw that Serge hadn't touched his biscuit. I said: 'You're not eating, Serge,' and he stretched out his hands and whispered: 'For the pity of God, end it, Dmitri.'

"THERE was only one thing to do, because I was in command. I said: 'You're talking wildly, Serge,' and he moaned like a dog tied up on a rope to be shot, and Radomir laid his head on his arms and prayed. We loved Serge, who told us of saints and princes; we thought our hearts would break.

"All day we three stayed in the hut. Radomir and I, we had to pretend that all was well with us. He took his fowl away under his coat, making a great mystery over it, and plucked it; he would not even let us see the feathers. Then he poked it away in the dark corner of the cupboard place, swinging all naked on a nail. 'That's how I'd have all cowards and traitors hanging, plucked on a peg,' said Radomir at the top of his voice, and all the time thinking, 'Now, why in God's name did I say *that?*' Serge drew away from me and trembled, and hid his face against the wall. And all the time we were in such pity for him, it made our hearts sick. Wasn't that a funny thing?

"When it was dark, then Radomir was going to cook his rooster. Late in the day he came to me and said: 'What if we could find a cabbage, or something that we could cook for a cabbage—perhaps young birch roots?' So we said as soon as it was dusk we would go out and see if we could find that cabbage. We made a joke of it. Serge was very quiet all the afternoon, sitting with his head on his knees. He seemed asleep. We hoped he understood—that it would be all right.

"It came dusk. He was still sound asleep. He was very weak, you see. I said: 'Shall we wake him?' and Radomir says: 'No, no, leave him alone, for now we can't see the dread in his eyes, our poor, foolish son.' He was a good man, Radomir; he ought to have been a priest. But I said: 'He may wake and wish to follow. I'll show him where we've gone.' So I laid two sticks on the floor like a cross with one arm longer than the other to point the way we had gone. I had been cleaning and oiling my rifle; it was better than his. I laid it very softly at his feet where he crouched in the straw, and I took his. Radomir had his own. We went out, very softly, so as not to wake him. We went out to look for the cabbage.



Radomir was jerking up and down in front of my icon, in a great way about his soul

"It was truly a very funny thing. We went out to look for the cabbage, and we found our regiment. It was creeping back in the night to its old place. Did you ever hear of anything so funny? Yes, we found the men of our company, and they cried out when they saw us, we were so thin. They embraced us, and gave us plenty to eat, and the sergeant kicked Radomir and called me—oh, everything. It was so funny. 'Vsyo ravno,' I says, 'fools we are, and the third fool, he's up at the hut still. We must fetch him and take him something to eat.' 'Sit still,' said the sergeant. 'I'll go,' but we thought Serge might be frightened of one he did not know; he was very weak. We must go too.

"We were so happy we could have laughed and shouted, and the sergeant pulled his beard in the dark and smiled at us; he was from Radomir's volost and knew him; that's why he kicked him, he was not angry. He was glad to see us, and called us his children. And we, we were so happy we felt as if we had drunk vodka; we were happiest of all when we thought of Serge. In our hearts we swore again on the evangels never to tell anyone what poor Serge did. We were so sorry for him.

"And wasn't it funny? At the very door of the hut all our gladness went out of us. We had no voices, no speech, no strength, scarcely any thought. We thought only that we were not soon enough—that something had got there before us. 'Well, there, now, what is it, you clay-headed fools?' said the sergeant, as jolly and friendly as you please. 'Fools?' says Radomir, croaking like a frog. 'Yes, but there's only two of us.' How did he know? The sergeant pushed us aside and went in.

"SERGE was sitting as we had left him, with the cross at his feet. But now the rifle was in his hands, and he was quite dead. There was no doubt of it—quite dead. Radomir stooped and took something from his knee. It was a white feather.

"It had not been there when we left the hut. It must have blown down from the little cupboard place where Radomir's plucked bird was.

"Wasn't it funny? Very laughable. You understand, poor Serge, that we were so sorry for, he had roused up; he had seen the cross, the rifle, the white feather on his knee. He had thought that was our judgment. But it was not our judgment."

Just here a look of doubt, of bewilderment, comes over Dmitri's face.

"But the funniest part, the part that is to make the Little Mother of us all laugh like old Achmetof—that is that the rooster was not a rooster after all. It was an old owl. That was an owl's feather on Serge's knee. We should have never known till we came to eat it. All Radomir's joke! That was the funny part. It is all very funny, but that is the part to make our Little Mother laugh. You will laugh, Little Mother? It was not our judgment, you see, not ours. And the rooster was an owl after all. And—and—"

The duchess looks into his eyes, infinitely puzzled, full of tears. "I am laughing, Dmitri Ivanovitch," she says gently, and goes on to the next bed.

The General and His Sweetie

Continued from page 6

one of many cars headed beachward. Halfway down the beach they stopped and leaped out to watch. On every side rose the sharp chatter of speculation.

The plane was over the city now. High it circled. Faint and far away came the popping of occasional rifle shots as men on the ground sent futile pellets skyward.

Circling—circling—and then it began to descend. In great graceful swoops it sank earthward. The thunder of its motor silenced, it straightened out along the beach. It came to earth at last with a delicate three-point landing that was the perfection of flying technique.

Toward it, with a roar of starting motors, swarmed the cars. Hundreds on foot, a squad of soldiers among them, double-quicked across the close-packed sands.

OUT of the plane a leather-coated, helmeted, and goggled figure stepped, leaped lightly to the sand, pushed his goggles high upon his forehead, and lighted the inevitable cigarette. That business given attention, he looked up at the group of young officers who were leaping from the automobiles, many with pistols drawn; at the squad of soldiers dog-trotting at their heels.

Laughingly he held both hands high in the air.

There was swift interchange of words. Then to the ears of Terry Hunter came a quick crescendo of cheering. One by one the young officers rushed upon the leather-coated one with the swift embrace of the Latin greeting. Among them was Marcel de Livaudais.

A moment later Terry Hunter was gripping a muscular brown hand; looking into laughing eyes set in a tanned face clean-shaved save for a black and close-clipped mustache.

"Major Lopez Davila," young De Livaudais was saying. "Terry Hunter, correspondiente Americano." The Frenchman turned to his American friend. "Major Davila was sent up at Mexico City as a scout for Obregon toward the Jalisco front. But his heart is with the Revolution. As soon as he hopped off he flew straight for Vera Cruz to join us—the first man who has ever made that flight. There is news for you, mon vieux! The Revolution has its first airplane, complete with combat pilot attached!"

The burst of cheering was renewed. It died down to a spatter of excited talk.

"Where are headquarters?" asked Major Davila easily. "Oh, the Faros? Take me there, some of you plutocrats with motors. I must report to Don Adolfo."

He turned a moment, picked out the young lieutenant in command of the squad of soldiers.

"Senor teniente," he said, "will you leave a detail from your squad to guard the plane until relieved? Let no one touch it until I overhaul it. It is my child, that boat!" . . .

Terry Hunter suddenly realized that, with a slack in his tasks—it was yet several days before he would go up the line for battle-front stuff—he had dinner and an evening on his hands, alone. He was weary of faces and swift-chattering tongues. The lights of the Plaza and the portales that opened out of it grew distasteful. He wanted to be quiet. To dine alone in complete peace.

The Gambrinus! That was it. The thought came to him like a cooling breeze. He headed for that little restaurant of palm-shaded, green-barriered nooks, of no music at all, and of exquisite cookery, in a quiet block of the Calle Miguel Lerdo, just off the Plaza. There he could sit placidly by himself and think over the swirl of things that had passed, a colorful panorama, before his eyes and through his brain these many restless hours. He started.

Just past his table was a little alcove, almost completely screened with palm and banked greenery, where a table for two gleamed whitely. Sitting quietly at dinner's end, over his coffee and a long, slender cigar, he barely gave attention when two figures slipped past him through a side entrance and glided to the little table. They were inconspicuous figures, the man in dark civilian clothes, his back toward Terry; the woman veiled in the shrouding folds of a black lace mantilla.

Evidently the meeting had been arranged, he noted absently. For presently he saw a waiter, to whom he had heard no orders given, bring ices and coffee, serve them deftly and silently, and depart.

The low hum of restrained voices came to Terry Hunter's ears. Then suddenly, though he stayed immobile, his narrowing eyelids showed that a phrase and a tone had carried significance.

He finished his cigar to the end, apparently unmindful of the alcove table. He paid his check, rose, and departed. As he turned to leave his table he swept the alcove with a glance that for all its camouflage of casual carelessness enveloped the scene only partly screened by palms and banked greenery. The black lace mantilla had been pushed back as the woman talked, low and eagerly.

As Terry reached the sidewalk, down the side street from the Plaza floated again the strains of "La Paloma," part of the nightly program.

The American pursed his lips and whistled it softly.

"I'll say some little dove came flying to her window," he murmured to himself. "Some little dove!"

For the face that he had seen with swift and casual glance, peering out alight with love from the black background of the lace mantilla, was the face of La Pepita. And the eager, laughing voice he had heard from the man whose back was turned toward him was the same boyish tone he had noted the day he had met young Major Lopez Davila out on the level beach.

Heaven alone knew by what stratagem she had slipped away from her friends for that brief meeting, while General de Rodriguez was at the nightly conference in the Faros. But what it would mean if that meeting were known, Terry Hunter could guess.

"This," he told himself as he strolled back to the Plaza with its lights and its gay throng—"this is getting good."

"I HAVE not this—what do you call it—ah—nose for news, mon vieux," smiled Marcel de Livaudais, "but I take the liberty of hinting that you rise early to-morrow morning and happen to be out at the beach not later than five o'clock. You may see something interesting."

It was two days later. Terry Hunter and the young French aviator were dining in the portale of the Imperial once more, while the barefooted, ragged newsboys howled the last editions of "El Piojo" and "El Heraldo de la Revolucion" through the Plaza.

"What's up on the beach at that ungodly hour?" asked Terry.

"The first scouting flight of the airplane with our young friend Major Davila at the joy stick," said De Livaudais. "He's under orders to take a whirl over the Obregon lines up past Esperanza. Lay a few eggs there for luck—he has been fixed up with some black-powder bombs they've been making at the arsenal. Then his orders are to fly up the railroad line past Esperanza and see if he can spot any concentration of troop trains that may be headed down from Mexico City, and come back and report—if he can."

"Let's see." Terry was whistling softly, a disconnected little tuneless sound. "General Pineda del Rodriguez is head of the aviation force, isn't he? Sure. Wonder if he'd let me take that flight with Davila? Whale of a good yarn. Or would it be better to get the O. K. of the Jefe Supremo on that? Don Adolfo's a good scout. I think he'd

(*Continued on page 28*)

Loses 24 pounds . . .
reduces waistline 3 inches
—*in 3 weeks!*

You can try the same method for ten days FREE

No medicine No dieting No exercise

With no effort at all

"I AM returning my Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer by insured parcel post today," writes Ivan W. Arno, Postmaster of Erroll, N. H.

"Will you please make it smaller for me, for I can lace it together and it is still too loose. I am more than pleased with the Reducer. I have reduced my waistline 3 inches and have lost 24 pounds in weight in less than three weeks."

Such letters are pouring in each day upon Dr. Thomas Lawton, inventor of Dr. Lawton's Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer. Hundreds of these reducers, which originally fit snugly, are being returned to be made smaller. The summer is the best season for quick reduction. Men and women throughout the country are regaining their normal, symmetrical figures through this wonderful device, which is cool, comfortable, well ventilated and made of special reducing material.

Something entirely new

Do not confuse Dr. Lawton's Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer with ordinary rubber belts and girdles. True, it does what they do—AND MORE. In the center and on the inner side is the patented Vacuum Massage Applicator, which gently, persistently—massages away the fatty tissue with every breath you take—with every step you make.

You can now try it—FREE

Its results are so sure—so immediate—that we want you to see what it will do for you in a brief ten days—at our risk. Tear off the attached coupon. Sign your name. It will bring a complete description of this remarkable reducer. Also full details of our FREE OFFER which permits you to wear the Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer for 10 full days—at our risk. You are to be the sole judge of its ability to reduce *your* waistline and abdomen. If you are not entirely satisfied it costs you nothing.

Use this coupon now

Send it today. Right now while it is handy. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity to reduce WITH NO EFFORT AT ALL.

Dr. Thomas Lawton, Dept. H-41,
19 W. 70th St., New York City

Please send me complete description of your Automatic Waistline and Abdomen Reducer. Also details of your FREE TRIAL OFFER under which I am to be the sole judge of the efficiency of your device.

Name Mr. Mrs. Miss ....
Street ....
City ....

Please sign your name Mr., Mrs. or Miss

The General and His Sweetie

Continued from page 27

fix me up, maybe, if I went to him direct."

Marcel de Livaudais looked out across the Plaza, his eyes veiled a little. "I wouldn't try it, if I were you, old fellow," he said gently. Terry Hunter studied him with curious eyes. "Dangerous as all that?" he asked.

The young Frenchman seemed about to speak, with one of his bursts of conversational rapid fire. Then, suddenly, as though a hand had been laid upon his lips, he sat silent. A moment later his thoughts seemed to have arranged themselves.

"Of course it's always dangerous," he said. "Mountain flying. Air pockets and cross currents. But, if you'll permit the suggestion, I wouldn't ask, anyway. You'd probably get turned down. If I were you, I'd save special requests against the time you'd have a chance. You see, there are only two seats in the fuselage. And General del Rodriguez has named the official observer already. Lieutenant Teodoro Fierro. Remember that young teniente who couldn't make his eyes behave, as Carter said, the first night we saw him with La Pepita over at that table yonder? Ah—you perceive, I see."

For on Terry Hunter's face had shone a flash of comprehension.

"I'd never classified General del Rodriguez as a close student of the Bible," he said, thoughtfully.

"The Bible?" Marcel de Livaudais was puzzled.

"That little stunt of his bears all the earmarks of a close knowledge of that little affair of David and Uriah and Bathsheba, who was Uriah's wife," said Terry Hunter, "with a reverse English on it. I'll explain it to you some time when I start my Bible class again." . . .

NACRE and mist of pearl, delicate pink and faint mauve, bright red and sheer gold, strove in the skies as dawn touched the beach of Vera Cruz. Far out the uneasy tumbling waters of the Gulf were touched with light—out beyond the white bulk of San Juan de Ulloa's wave-washed walls—out beyond the low gray-green lines of the ancient breakwater.

Down to the beach rolled Terry Hunter while yet the light was struggling with the darkness—up the long line of creaming surf where dimly he could make out a group of figures clustered about the rough canvas shelter of the improvised hangar that was being stripped away.

The stocky figure of General Pineda del Rodriguez presently was revealed, standing by, watching, impassive, while Marcel de Livaudais had the plane trundled out and headed around into the wind.

A motor came roaring down the beach; checked to a halt. Out of it leaped Major Davila and Lieutenant Fierro, both in boots and breeches, leather coats and helmets of flight, with goggles pushed high on their foreheads. Saluting stiffly, they stood before the general for any final word of orders. Then young Lopez Davila ran a swift and practiced eye over his plane in final inspection.

Gas and oil he tested. His brown and sinewy fingers thrummed wires taut as guitar strings. Up into the fuselage he swarmed, and settled down into the pilot's seat for a try-out of the engine.

"Contact!" he called to Marcel de Livaudais, serving as volunteer mechanic.

"Contact!" came back the answering call. With a roar the great propeller slashed the quivering air. The song of the motor, rising high, sinking, rising once more as the plane shivered with blocked wheels, sank at last as the propeller idled gently into silence.

Davila climbed out of the cockpit and turned to young Fierro.

"Stupid fool that I am," he laughed. "In the hurry of getting away I left my automatic and belt in the bureau drawer of my room at the Imperial. Should we have to make forced landing, I might need that pistol. It will only take ten minutes to get it. Will you take the car and run back to the hotel to get it for me?"

The young lieutenant saluted, raced for the automobile, climbed aboard, and vanished down the beach.

Hardly had his car wheeled in toward town by the power plant when Davila, with a fluent burst of profanity, turned to Marcel de Livaudais.

"May I use your car ten minutes, too, teniente coronel?" he asked. "Thinking of this trip this morning, I think my other wits are wandering. My map case, too, is at the hotel. I can get it and bring back Fierro too while others are asking questions."

"Take my car," urged Terry Hunter.

"Gracias, Señor Hunter, I will." Davila turned to De Livaudais. "Explain to the general, will you?" he said hurriedly, and was gone.

General Pineda del Rodriguez, standing apart, nodded briefly to the young Frenchman's explanation. No word. No smile. He stood impassive.

THE group about the plane grew larger, as curious folk came from town. Word of the flight had spread. The minutes passed. Then, presently, Terry Hunter's hired car came hurtling along the level, wet-packed sands.

As it neared, the group on the beach recognized the two figures in breeches and boots, leather coats and goggled helmets.

Up toward the crowd the car roared.

"We have lost time enough through my foolishness," called young Lopez Davila, loudly, cheerily, as the machine slid to a halt. "Climb aboard, Teniente Fierro. The forward cockpit. I join you in a minute."

Goggles over eyes, the slim figure leaped from the car and climbed into the waiting plane.

With a swift word of thanks to Hunter and De Livaudais, Major Davila stepped up to the general.

"No further orders, sir?" he said.

The impassive face of the general shook negation.

A quick salute. Into the pilot's seat climbed the young major.

Again the "Contact!" and answering "Contact!" sounded. Again the motor roared as the great propeller spun, invisible now. Blocks were slipped from beneath the wheels. For a moment the roar slackened; the propeller idled. The lane of officers, soldiers, and curious civilians down which it would head into the wind stretched and widened a bit, as folk drew back.

And in that moment a sharp crack sounded.

Carefully, swiftly, resting against the cockpit's rim of canvas and wooden frame, Major Lopez Davila had drawn his heavy automatic and shot through the body General Pineda del Rodriguez, standing there only a few feet away.

Instantly the roar of the motor answered the spatter of human cries. Down the lane of startled humanity the plane taxied across the beach, gathered headway, lifted, rose, and soared into the upper air.

Terry's first startled glance was for the bullet-pierced general. But, stunned though he was by that swift shot, Terry Hunter's brain whirled as he looked at the airplane when it taxied past him. For there in the forward cockpit, leaning out, looking eagerly, goggles pushed high on forehead above the leather helmet, was a face he would remember always.

Not the face of Lieutenant Teodoro Fierro. But the face of one all Mexico City had toasted so short a time before—the face of La Pepita. The bride of the man who lay there dying on the sands of the beach of Vera Cruz.

"Raise me, you accursed fools! Hold me up on my feet!"

The voice of General del Rodriguez grated on the ears of those around him.

"Cease firing!" came his next words, husked through blood-stained lips, for the heavy .45 steel slug had torn its way through his lungs.

The spatter of rifle fire, that had followed the plane, died down.

Sheer wonder held Terry Hunter mute. Could any man look for forgiveness in that face. And yet he had ordered: "Cease firing!"

A strange tableau—the dying general supported on either hand, his face, ashen green, following the airplane in its flight.

Arrowlike, the swift plane headed inland, to cross the mountain range whose white-helmeted sentinel peak, Mount Orizaba, gleamed faintly against the horizon more than a hundred kilometers away.

Fascinated, Terry Hunter's eyes, glued to his field glasses, followed the tiny flashing speck. It sank and rose irregularly for a moment in his field of vision.

Then, apparently in an effort to reach smoother air, feeling himself now safe from the risk of any possible rifle fire from below reaching his gasoline tank, the pilot shot slanting downward and inland in a swift descent.

"Hold me, I tell you, you fools!" came again the gritted order of the dying general, with scorching curses at those who would have laid him down to seek to stanch the wound whose dark stain now covered the breast of the khaki tunic.

What in heaven's name, wondered Terry Hunter, could determination like that mean to a dying man? Did he purpose to keep his eyes on the last faint flicker of sunlight from those wide wings, so tiny now, lashing himself with the torture as a fanatic lashes himself in castigation?

Then the answer came.

It was too far for Hunter to see just what had happened. But suddenly the tiny speck, high and far inland, was falling—falling—falling—like a bird with a broken wing.

Zigzag—pitching wildly at first. Other glasses than Hunter's were following it. The first irregular swoop was over.

"Tail spin!" muttered Marcel de Livaudais grimly.

Like a plummet the plane was diving now, swirling straight downward. The rising sand dunes that led into the foothills of the Orizaba Range cut it suddenly from their sight.

A grating, blood-frothed chuckle stirred through throat and lips of General Pineda del Rodriguez.

"Put me down, fools!" he gasped. "Now let me die in peace."

And there, on the wide, wet sands of the beach at Vera Cruz he died, his lips twisted in a bitter smile.

They found Lieutenant Teodoro Fierro, tightly bound with strips of torn sheet, his head still whirling from the blow of the automatic's butt that had stunned him, helpless on the tiled floor of the room in the Imperial that lately had been occupied by Major Lopez Davila, the Revolution's newest recruit and first deserter.

THE Plaza and the portales about it swirled yet with the excitement as Terry Hunter and Marcel de Livaudais sat down to dinner that night. Swift chatter of explosive Spanish, windmill gestures, marked the long line of tables, where the extras of "El Piojo" and "El Heraldo" were strewn thick underfoot.

"I have your word, then, mon vieux, that nothing of what I tell you now goes in your stories back to the states?" the little Frenchman was saying.

"Not unless it comes to me from other than you, old-timer," pledged the correspondent.

"That is enough. For the general is dead."

The aviator drummed his fingers meditatively upon the cloth. He lit a cigarette.

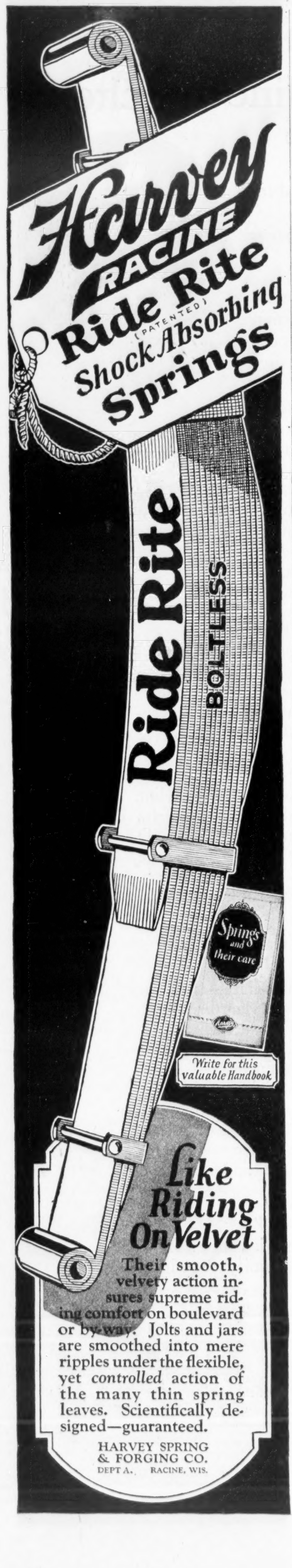
"It was a pity, in a way. But war is war. And war is no more real than jealousy. And war in Mexico has unexpected personal complications. And a spy—you know the price he pays when he is caught. No, it was no accident, that crash."

"What?"

"No accident, I said. You remember the time Davila landed? How he ordered that no other hand than his touch his plane?"

"I remember. 'It is my child, that boat,' he said?"

"It was a child that behaved badly.



Their smooth, velvety action insures supreme riding comfort on boulevard or by-way. Jolts and jars are smoothed into mere ripples under the flexible, yet *controlled* action of the many thin spring leaves. Scientifically designed—guaranteed.

HARVEY SPRING
& FORGING CO.
DEPT A. RACINE, WIS.

Is this cigarette a phenomenon?

When we first put out the Reedsdale we did so with a fair degree of modesty. We didn't claim the Reedsdale to be the "best" cigarette. We merely suggested that, if you were not entirely satisfied with your present brand, you might like Reedsdales better.

We knew that the Reedsdale blend was different, that it contained the choicer varieties of tobacco, combined by an expert. We knew that the blend adopted was unanimously chosen by a trial jury of connoisseurs.

Reedsdale
CIGARETTES

We expected a good reception for the Reedsdale from discriminating, sophisticated smokers, but we did not know what percentage of the whole such smokers might prove to be.

When the returns began coming in, these returns were not of the trial cartons that smokers had the privilege of sending back for refund if they so desired. At least, less than one third of one per cent were.

The remaining ninety-nine and two-thirds per cent of those who tried the Reedsdale kept the entire carton of 100 cigarettes paid in full. And the returns were reorders, letters of commendation, orders for other cartons to be sent to friends.

"Phenomenon" is a large word, and we try to avoid bombast. But isn't there something phenomenal in getting a 99% favorable vote on a new cigarette from smokers scattered throughout the entire United States, from coast to coast, and from Canada to Mexico?

◻ ◻

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers, and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

If you have any difficulty in finding them, we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes) postpaid for a dollar. Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them we will return your dollar for the four remaining packages. Address Reed Tobacco Co., 220 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Reed Tobacco Company
220 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

For the One Dollar enclosed please send me a carton of five packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes on the understanding that I may use one package and, if I do not like them, return the other four to you and you will refund the dollar to me.

Name ....

Address..

My dealer's name is ....

Address..

He had left his orders that the plane be not touched. He is a major. But I am a teniente coronel. What value rank if you cannot use it? While he was reporting at the Faros, I overhauled that child of his. And later I made my report."

"What did you find?' asked Terry Hunter keenly.

"He landed in Vera Cruz, not because he came to join the Revolution, but because he must. He came on a scout from Mexico City for Obregon, to see what troops we had massed in the mountain passes. To see what movement of troop trains he could find up the line. And when he shot down to Vera Cruz to see what vessels of war we had in the harbor, he planned to be back behind their lines as Esperanza for the night. But he landed on the beach. A forced landing. The feed pipe of his gasoline tank was clogged. His magneto was burned out—carbon like soot in an old chimney, mon vieux. He had to think quickly as he made that landing. A prisoner—or a hero who came to join our cause—until he could get away. Quick wit, that boy! He joined us! After I had made my report privately, we asked him if he had any trouble with his plane. None, he said. It was ready for flight that moment, he insisted. We said no word. We let him fix feed pipe and magneto, and he thought no one knew. And he kept the plane under guard."

"But you said his crash was no accident."

"Nor was it. Though I did not know that General del Rodriguez was also, as you say, settling the hash of young Teniente Teodoro Fierro, when I carried out his orders. I thought it wasteful of a good plane. Melodramatic! But I hold their commission. Orders are orders."

"What orders?"

"That I slip out to the beach one night when Major Davila was kept engaged elsewhere. That I saw nearly through three of the struts on the left wing of the plane. That I putty up the cuts and cover the putty with shellac. That permitted the plane to rise, you see. But when he volplaned from any height, mon vieux, the air pressure would crack those struts like tooth picks. As you saw. Out of control. One wing crumpled. A tail spin. The crash!"

Terry Hunter's Anglo-Saxon mind was growing dazed.

"But all that camouflage about the scout flight and dropping bombs—" he began helplessly.

"The Latin mind is—the Latin mind, mon vieux."

The pair smoked silently. It was Marcel de Livaudais who first broke that silence.

"I asked the general why it was not cheaper to shoot a spy and save a plane," he said. "He reminded me"—the young Frenchman made a wry face at the memory—"that orders are orders. Which I knew perfectly. That a plane was only a plane and others were coming from Cuba and Guatemala, and this was his affair, anyway. Then, when I learned after I had sawed those struts that young Fierro was coming as an observer—well, I began to understand. Now, I think, you understand why I told you it was better that you remain on the ground, old friend. But we have new complications. Davila wins his Pepita back—I wonder what life must have been for a woman with El General?—and he plays into the general's hands, though he takes toll before he goes. Ah, well—I wonder if all three are talking it over to-night—somewhere beyond the stars?"

We See by the Papers

IN THE Good Old Days, you sometimes heard it said, the cost of living didn't worry people.

But hark back to the New York "Gazette and Weekly Post Boy"—issue of November, 1748—and you will find the editor complaining. Butter up to 13 cents a pound, by George! "All the common necessities of life grow so dear as must impoverish our poor citizens' pockets."

And this was 175 years ago.

* * *

ARE you a syntonic or a schizoid? Dr. A. A. Brill, a scientist of some distinction, divides the human race into these two classes.

Presidents Roosevelt and Harding were syntonics; George Washington and Woodrow Wilson were both schizoids.

What constitutes the difference? The syntonics, Dr. Brill believes, live more or less in harmony with their background; the schizoids always fight it.

* * *

"IF YOU can imagine a pineapple eight feet high and thick in proportion at its base," Mr. Salmon S. Chase, explorer, is talking about a tree encountered on his travels in Madagascar, "you will have a good idea of the trunk—with a series of long hairy green tendrils (palpi) stretched out in every direction toward the horizon.

"My observations were suddenly interrupted by the natives, who had been shrieking around the tree with their shrill voices, and chanting what I was told were propitiatory hymns to the great tree devil.

"With still wilder shrieks and chants they now surrounded one of the women, and urged her with the points of the javelins, until slowly, and with despairing face, she climbed up the stalk and stood on the summit of the cone, the palpi swirling all about her.

"The slender delicate palpi, with the fury of starved serpents, quivered a moment over her head, then as if instinct with demoniac intelligence fastened upon her in sudden coils round her neck and arms—ever tightening with cruel swiftness and the savage tenacity of anacondas feeding upon their prey."

This is the "Man-Eating Tree of Madagascar." Not often described in travel stories, but officially on the record of the scientists.

"May I never see such a sight again!" expresses the opinion of one startled traveler.

* * *

THERE'S a lot to be said for the head-hunters, thinks Mr. Frank Hurley, back from a trip to the far-off land of the Papuans.

"I have now lived several months in an upper Fifth Avenue hotel," says Mr. Hurley, writing in "Asia."

"I have watched luxurious automobiles crowd the avenue and have stood before jewelers' windows and marveled at what the white race was coming to, as I looked upon a magnificently jeweled tiny bird-cage, with all the exquisite craftmanship of a master upon it, opening its door to permit a little mechanical bird to come out and flap its wings."

Life is more rugged in Papua. To be sure, they still hunt heads—and Mr. Hurley saw a trophy or two when they showed him the kaiva-ku-ku dance. Still—

"Civilization is to me a matter of grade in barbaric culture. It is a question whether the savage does not after all live a truer life than we do."

* * *

HAVING an umbrella torn away by an invisible force and hurled through space is described in England as a new sensation.

Visitors to the British Empire Exhibition, which has been running near London all summer, are warned to watch out for a giant magnet weighing some three tons.

It sits in the grounds as an exhibit, and snatches umbrellas, pocket knives—anything made of steel or iron—from unsuspecting visitors as they pass by.

Fifty tons is its pulling power, and more than one startled tourist has had his key-chain whipped from his pocket like a bullet.

Williams
Shaving Cream

Even the cap was designed for speed

If you're the kind of a shaver who likes to make race track speed in the morning, Williams Hinge-Cap will appeal to you. Slippery fingers can't drop it. Carelessness can't lose it. For the cap's hinged on. It simply can't come off. And the tube hangs up.

As for the shaving cream, it was designed especially for the hardest men in the world to please—the men with wiry beards and tender skins. Williams works up into a rich, creamy lather almost instantly. And as the razor glides across your face you experience a new sensation of comfort. Each stroke is lubricated. Razor friction is entirely removed. And when the shave is over, your face feels clean, cool and delightfully refreshed.

Try it tomorrow morning and you'll become a Williams convert for the rest of your life. Large size, 35 cents. Double size, 50 cents, containing almost twice as much cream.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn.

The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Ltd., St. Patrick St. Montreal

Williams
WILLIAMS

WE'VE scored again! *Aqua Velva* is the new product—a *scientific* preparation for use after shaving. For free trial bottle, write Dept. 38.

Every little mouthful

has a message all its own

THE MESSAGE, ladies and gentlemen, is one of warning to your gums.

For it is the food that we eat, three times a day, that is to blame for the troubles we have with our gums.

It's too soft, this food. It doesn't stimulate the blood-stream in the tiny capillaries of the gum tissue. Under our modern diet, gums are growing soft and congested. They become inflamed, and bleed easily. And when "pink toothbrush" appears, then let your teeth look out for trouble ahead.

Ipana Tooth Paste stimulates the gums

To keep gums hard and healthy, thousands of dentists now prescribe Ipana Tooth Paste. Many direct a daily massage of the gums with Ipana *after* the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana, because of the presence of ziratol, a valuable antiseptic and hemostatic, has a toning and strengthening effect on weakened gum tissue.

Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums have a tendency to be soft or to bleed, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it, you cannot fail to note the improvement. And you will be delighted with its fine, grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

A trial tube, enough to last for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

HEALS BLEEDING GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK

Bristol-Myers Co.
Dept. L8
42 Rector St.
New York
N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without obligation on my part.

Name
Address
City State

The Mountain

Continued from page 18

The dancer herself, a moment before full of the fire and ardor of the dance, was now, in spite of the warm robe about her shoulders, physically cool; the night air touched her hot arms almost chillingly. By the same token, she was entirely in her right mind, calm and serene, a little amused at that which she saw in the countenance of the farmer. While she talked she watched him, half expecting an outbreak, wondering what form it would take, wondering how such a man would react when once he was aroused.

But her tone was matter-of-fact. She told Dave her estimate of Jennie's potentialities, and added that Luigi, whose judgment was worth credit, agreed with her; and, having gone thus far, she proceeded to put in lucid and clearcut terms exactly what it was that she proposed. If Jennie were sent to New York, she said, she would undertake to see that the girl had proper training and that her present promise was fulfilled.

She had expected a certain incredulity in Dave, but found nothing of the kind. Dave was, as a matter of fact, quite incapable of rational thinking. He was in a mood to believe her infallible; it was inconceivable to him that she could in anything be wrong. When the dancer perceived this, she began to explain to him just what such a career as this which she proposed for Jennie would mean. Financial arguments, she felt sure, would appeal to such a man as Dave; she gave him figures, suggested what his daughter's earnings might be; and she went further, sketching a glamorous background for this prospective career and setting Jennie against this background like a beautiful painting in a fitting frame.

JENNIE, during this conversation, had little to say. Now and then the dancer turned to her to ask her opinion, but this opinion was always an assent.

But it was hard to get any definite response from Dave. He said nothing, not because he would not, but because he could not. The man was literally paralyzed—or, rather, he huddled into himself as one huddles for shelter against a gusty storm. The dancer had wit enough at last to see his state of mind and to perceive that it was hopeless to expect any decision from him in this hour. The spell under which he labored could not well be broken—not so long as the moon and the firelight and her presence combined to work their will upon him. She was more and more amused at his silence and his rigidity, more and more curious to know what he might do. So at last she rose and bade him rise, and said to Jennie: "Take your father home, child. He's tired. We'll talk of this to-morrow."

Jennie put her hand through her father's arm. The dancer went with them toward that opening among the trees where the old wood road began, and she said good night to them there. But even as they started away a mischievous impulse moved her, and she caught Dave Beard's arm and swung him back toward herself and drew down his head to whisper in his ear.

"Return!" she murmured.

He drew away from her with a movement like that of a dog which shakes the water from his coat, and she laughed softly.

She returned toward the van, yawning a little behind her hand.

Dave took his daughter home through the wood, but he was hardly conscious that she walked beside him. For the first part of the way she said nothing. They climbed the short ascent from the shore of the pond, then across that level through the birches toward the road. And here Jennie, running a step or two to overtake him, touched his arm. "I want to go," she said.

He shook his head without replying. She saw the movement, but still held his arm. "I want to go," she persisted.

Dave had meant to silence her rather than to deny her. Forced to speak now, he replied hoarsely: "I'll think about it."

When they came to the house and went into the kitchen, Dave scratched a match to light one of the lamps. The house was dark, Mrs. Beard abed. With the burning match in his hand, Dave stood in the middle of the floor, apparently forgetting what he had meant to do. Jennie got a lamp from the shelf and removed the chimney and drew toward him, but the match burned his fingers and he dropped it almost idly, without looking at it.

"Here's the lamp," Jennie said. "Here it is, father."

She could hear him fumbling in his pocket for another match, and when its flame struck his face she saw that his lips were pressed together and his eyes were half shut. He put flame to wick, and she replaced the chimney and set the lamp on the table. "I'll light another," she told him, chose her own lamp from the shelf. "Good night," she said.

He nodded as though in grave assent: "Good night," stood where he was and heard her go up the stairs, and heard his wife call from her room: "Is that you, Jennie?"

Elmer Davis

"THE trouble with you, Ace," said Rixey, "is that the universe has got you bluffed. Come along with me and I'll show you how to beat it." As "Friends of Mr. Sweeney" they crash the first gate. It leads to adventures gay and thrilling—in Elmer Davis' new novel beginning in an early issue.

Wallace Irwin

IN NEXT week's issue of Collier's "The Funniest Place in the World" is described by the famous author of "The Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy."

Jennie answered: "Yes, mother."

"Where's your father?"

"He's in the kitchen."

"Why don't he come to bed?"

Jennie said slowly: "He's coming." Dave heard her go into her own room and shut the door. He knew his wife would inevitably call to him, and he stood still in an increasing rigidity, licking his lips, waiting with his mouth open. After a time she spoke his name: "Dave!" he made no reply. "Dave, you coming to bed?"

"After a while," he said. He went to the foot of the stairs to make his answer clear. "After a while."

"It's late. What you going to do?"

"I'LL be up," he told her curtly, and went back into the kitchen again, shutting the door to exclude her voice. Then he began to wonder whether she would come down to find him. It would be like her to do that. She could never rest until he was abed with her. He made a movement of impatience at even this restraint upon his own freedom. Always fussing about him, she was; always complaining. Well, let her come down . . .

But she did not come; and he found it hard to stand idle, expecting every moment that the door would open under her hand. At last, with a movement almost like flight, he turned toward the outer door, leaving the lamp alight, and went out on the porch. The moon flooded the barnyard, and the night was so still that he moved on tiptoe, as though anxious not to disturb the silence.

There was a pump on a mound in the middle of the yard, and he sat down on the platform beside it and whittled a fill for his pipe. A great drum seemed to be beating in his throat: its monotonously reiterated pulsations shook him; its vibrations made him shudder, and its low, booming note roared in his ears. He got the pipe filled somehow, and lighted it after two false tries, breaking a match in half when his stiff fingers spasmodically closed across its slender length. His finger and thumb smarted where he had burned them in the kitchen, and his head was throbbing, tormented by the beating of the drum.

The man tried to tell himself, in a matter-of-fact way, that when the pipe was done he would go in and go to bed. The white, weatherboarded end of the house lifted almost above him where he sat, and it seemed to assume personality, to beckon him, to offer him a mysterious sanctuary. Yet at the same time it wore the guise of a prison. A faint air current stroked his cheek, and he thought he heard again a whispered word—the word: "Return!"

He did not want to return to the fire beside the pond. He wanted to go into his own house, up to his own room, to sleep in his own bed. Yet some intangible force prevented him. When at last he rose and moved away from the house it was as though he were dragged, but by and by he broke into a stumbling run.

THOUGH the night was so still, a hot wind seemed to blow against his back, driving him forward. He shook with sudden loneliness and sorrow, and as he went forward these emotions were intensified, instead of lessening.

He turned into the mouth of the old wood road without being conscious of what he did, but, once within the shadows of the wood, he stopped, half crouching, while his eyes searched before him and on either side and he listened as though he heard some sound from the direction of his home.

When he went forward now it was more cautiously, yet swiftly too. For a little while his pace increased; then it began to slacken again. He took some pains to go quietly, to avoid making any alarming sound. He found the beginning of the descent toward the shore of the pond and went down the gradual pitch, his eyes staring ahead to discover the light of the fire.

After a while he began to be surprised that he could not see this light; his precautions increased, and at length he discovered that the fire had burned low, that only embers, lightly fanned by vagrant air currents, still gave off a faint glow like great jewels lying among the ashes, like rubies glowing in the night.

In the very border of the trees he stopped, staring at these red embers. There was no sound or movement in the open space before him. His eyes swung around searchingly. The white tent shone like silver among the trees, the moon blotching its flanks with light.

The great van was where he had last seen it, nosed into the cedars across the little glade. If among the shadows of the trees beyond there moved a deeper shadow, he did not perceive it. He wondered dazedly whether the chauffeur and Luigi were in the tent, asleep. The dancer must be in the van, he knew; and after a while he went reluctantly and diffidently forward. He had half expected to find her waiting for him, but sleep seemed to lie heavy over the scene before him.

Once he felt as though this were deliverance—as though the fact that she was asleep released him from her command to return. He stood for a moment considering this, but he did not draw back. The fire was just before him; he stepped around it, stumbling a little over one of the rocks between which it was built.

His heavier footfall must have roused the dancer, for he heard a rustling movement within the van whose door stood open, and he watched with staring eyes that open door. Was she there? Could she see him? His own eyes were unable to pierce the darkness; the door was simply a black rectangle in the brown end of the van.

But after a moment within this rectangle some lighter shade became perceptible and took slow form and shape as the dancer came to the door. She did not emerge into the moonlight; nevertheless he could see that she wore a flowing robe, and over her shoulders her dark hair fell. Dave Beard, rigid as a stone, watched her, waiting for he knew not what, and the great drum beat in his throat.

It was the woman's voice which broke the stillness, sweet as a flute in the night. "Is that you, my friend?"

"Yes, it's me," said Dave Beard.

"Then you did return?" Her tone was full of light mirth and a low laugh followed her words.

"I came back to see what you wanted," he explained.

"But I merely wanted you to come back," she told him; and now she came out upon the upper step of the van so that the moonlight struck her, and, moving the skirts of her robe aside with her hand, she sat down there, her elbows on her knees, her dark eyes upon him.

"What for?" he asked.

She nodded toward the step at her foot. "I am a little lonely," she replied. "Luigi has gone somewhere in a sulk, do you see, and even Steve has departed, strolling in the moonlight. So come here and sit below me while we talk together."

HE LOOKED all around and then, with slow and dragging step, obeyed her. She made him sit on the step at her feet, and when he did so, awkwardly enough and stiffly erect, she drew his head back against her knee and took off his hat and dropped it on the ground. Her hand rested in his hair.

"So we can talk," she murmured. "What have you to say to me?"

Somewhere across the pond a loon uttered its laughing, mocking cry.

Jennie came home from the pond with her father and went to her room, and by and by she extinguished her lamp, but she did not go to bed. Her thoughts were too intently engaged. The experience of the evening had so completely overwhelmed her that she could not think of sleep. These last twenty-four hours seemed to her to have endured for years. Since, when they went to sleep the night before, the strange woman had told her that she too might be a dancer, it seemed to Jennie that she had lived half a lifetime.

What had been at first an incredible suggestion had become a dream, partaking of the attributes of reality; she had nursed that dream all this day. But this evening, by the pond, when in such matter-of-fact and practical tones Luigi and the woman had discussed her qualifications, the dream had come nearer fact; it was no longer a dream but a possibility. The very possibility had been sufficiently alluring, but the beauty and grace displayed by the dancer afterward had completed Jennie's conquest. She was full of a passionate desire to do as the older woman suggested, to leave this lonely farm at the foot of the Mountain, whose very peacefulness was also monotony, and to venture into that world which, seen through the other's eyes, was all enticing.

She had been so completely absorbed in her own thoughts that she was not even surprised at the appearance of her father by the pond. If she considered the matter at all, it was to decide that he had been sent to fetch her home, that he had watched from the shadows till the dancer discovered him. The byplay between Luigi and the dancer had centered her attention on Luigi, while she wondered what had angered him. She had not heard the woman's warning to Dave to wipe his lips clean; or, if she heard, had perceived no particular significance in the suggestion.

She was all absorbed in memories of the dance, in wondering whether this thing could ever come to her. She knew she wished it. Her father might oppose, but Jennie had always been sure that if some day she and her father should come to open conflict, she would win. The manner of this victory was not yet clear to her, but the will for it was a live and vital thing, not to be denied.

So she walked homeward with her father at last, and diffidently sought to discover his attitude, and was rather encouraged than otherwise to find that instead of denying her with instant vehemence, he had seemed puzzled and uncertain, had said the matter needed considering.

Jennie was content with this much yielding. She saw no need of making haste—thought not at all of the possibility that the dancer and her companions would presently depart, leaving matters as they had been before. That could never occur; the world could never be the same again. Jennie had had a revelation; she told herself that her eyes were opened, that she could never more be blind as she had been in the past.

She was standing by the window of her bedroom when Dave came out into the moonlit barnyard and sat down on the well platform, and she watched him with an awakening curiosity, wondering what was in his mind. It was not like her father to delay going to bed. He worked hard, night found him full of sleep, he was ordinarly upstairs before she herself. Yet to-night he sat and smoked with drooping head, and this simple spectacle was to Jennie's eyes so extraordinary that it eventually woke in her a strange uneasiness and concern. She wondered if he were distressed at the possibility of losing her, of her going away—wondered it it were this which held him in such sober and solitary meditation. Such an explanation seemed to her not unlikely, and she watched his still figure as though her own future were indeed at issue, as though she might hope to read his decision in his attitude.

While he still sat there, she remembered Bob; remembered that Bob had promised to come near the house this evening and wait to see her; remembered how sweetly clandestine this arrangement had, in prospect, seemed. She thought of Bob without any sense of guilt. It did not occur to her that if she went away she must leave him behind; if she thought of this aspect of the matter at all, she supposed he would go with her—accepted this supposition without analyzing it. It was quite impossible—had been thus impossible since the morning of the day before—for her to look forward to life without Bob. She was anxious to see him now; anxious to relate to him what had passed, to tell him that the vague dream had assumed a concrete form, that definite proposals had been made.

It was already late; he should have come long before this time. But she thought he might have been delayed, or that approaching he had seen her father sitting by the pump and had remained at a distance, waiting till the way should clear. Bob would do that. To him, as to Jennie, their new delight in one another was as yet too sweet a novelty to be shared. It was instinctive in each of them to keep the secret as long as it could be kept; the bond between them was the more delightful because it was thus secret.

SO JENNIE from her window watched for Bob's coming as intently as she watched her father on the well platform. Her window faced the road; she could see her father at an angle, looking sidewise, and beyond him she could look for a distance along the road toward the Holder farm. Bob would come that way. But he did not appear; and after a time her attention was concentrated upon her father, for he rose, stood for a moment in apparent uncertainty and with lowered head, and then, walking like a blind man, began to go away from the house along the way by which she expected her lover.

She could not understand this action. It was so foreign to his ordinary habit for him thus to sit in the moonlight or to wander along the road that she seemed to look upon a stranger. The sight made her increasingly uneasy. She wondered if he might have seen Bob approaching; if he had gone to confront the young man. And at the thought

(*Continued on page* 32)

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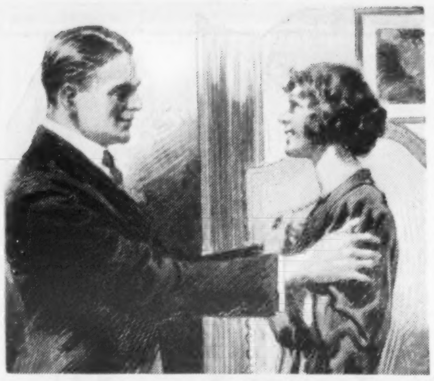

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The Mountain

Continued from page 31

her heart lifted its beat with fear lest her father and her lover encounter one another and come to words. But though she watched Dave's departure as long as she could see him, he met no one, and when he disappeared her bewilderment was still unsolved.

When her eyes were withdrawn from him, it was to scrutinize more intently the scene outspread before her. She could see a little way along the road in either direction. Across the road the bulk of the new barn cut off her sight through the orchard, except for an angle on either side, toward the old stone walls. Along these walls the wooded lands began; the pasture lane at the right, the wood lot from which Dave was accustomed to cut his winter's fuel at the left. Under the old apple trees in the orchard deep shadows lay, dark blotches upon the moonlit ground, and among the trees which backed the walls on either side the clustering shadows were so dense it was difficult to see at all.

BUT a few moments after Dave's departure, Jennie saw, or thought she saw, a movement beyond the wall on the left, halfway down to the bottom of the orchard. It might have been a skunk or some other prowler of the night, so vague was her impression. But she fixed her eyes upon the spot, watching intently; and after a time she became convinced that a man was there—a man who now and then moved restlessly; who now and then advanced a little nearer the house, still keeping under the shelter of the wall and among the trees.

She understood at once that this man was Bob. He must have discovered Dave upon the well platform and left the road and taken cover, waiting his opportunity. She could read his thoughts, understand his perplexities. So long as Dave stayed near the house, Bob dared not approach, dared not make any sign to her; that would only be safe after her father was abed.

But Dave had not gone to bed; had departed, instead, along the road, in an apparently aimless fashion. At any moment he might return. This, then, Jennie knew, was Bob's dilemma: whether to wait till Dave came home, taking the chance that Jennie herself might weary of waiting and go to bed or to make some sign to her and summon her out of doors, risking discovery.

The girl smiled to herself tenderly at her lover's perplexities. She waited for a little while, guessing how impatient he must be, willing, with a faint impulse of coquetry, that he should wait for her—waited to see what he would do. But he came no nearer; and at length her eagerness to see him, to be in his arms, to tell him all that had come to pass, could no longer be restrained.

She drew back from the window and went softly downstairs and stopped in the kitchen door, looking along the road to make sure Dave was not returning. He had left the lamp alight—would therefore soon come back. The mild hazard involved in the adventure pleased her, quickened her pulse. By and by she stepped through the door and along the porch, still in the shadow, and from the end of the porch, with a quick dart, she crossed the road and took shelter behind the barn. Even though her father returned, he need not see her now.

Around the rear corner of the barn she peered, seeking to locate Bob, and after a moment she saw him stir. Only his head and shoulders were visible above the wall, and they too disappeared as he drew back into the shadow of the trees. She called softly: "Bob! Bob!" But her voice was so low that even in the stillness of the night it was inaudible at that distance. She was suddenly afraid he would go away, afraid she could not find him, so she ran forward down the gentle slope, among the apple trees, to overtake him before he could depart.

CLAD in white, tall and graceful as a reed, she was now revealed by the moonlight, now a pale shade among the deeper shadow where an old apple tree spread its wide branches. She ran swiftly, pantingly, but her breath came quickly not because of her exertions, but because of her eagerness. She approached the wall and called again, a little more loudly: "Here I am!"

The answer came from a few paces to her right. Not Bob's voice, but in an amiable and ingratiating tone.

"Here I am, too, sister!" said this answering voice.

Jennie looked that way, and she was startled and confounded to discover Steve, the dancer's chauffeur. He clambered over the wall and came toward her, hardly taller than a well-grown boy, and she could see the deep lines on either side of his mouth as he grinned in welcome. "I'm tickled to death to see you," he declared, and held out his hand.

(*To be concluded next week*)

What Has Happened to Home?

Continued from page 9

disrupt family life to some extent, and to draw people outside to find recreation, as well as giving to young people an idea of luxury and free spending that is not good for them."

This woman's letter describes, to my mind, the ideal American home, the old-fashioned home, the kind of home that the country ought to have more of, but how many of them are there? American home life to-day may, I think, be criticized truthfully on these points:

1. Too little discipline.
2. Too little reading.
3. Too much gadding.
4. Too much drinking.

That there is too little discipline in the average home is evident, I think, to every one. Here is one incident of dozens I could cite which would prove the point. Some friends of mine went recently to a neighbor's house for a game of bridge, at eight o'clock. Just as they arrived the daughter of the house, a girl of sixteen, emerged in a bathing suit, hastily drawing a cloak about her, and joined a boy in a waiting car. By half past nine it was evident to the guests that her parents were beginning to get nervous over the fact that she had not returned. As the time passed their anxiety became painfully manifest. At eleven-thirty, as the guests were leaving, the girl dashed in. From her rumpled appearance, it was evident that some energetic "spooning" had been going on.

The next day the girl's father, much distressed at the occurrence, mentioned it to his guest of the night before.

"She has her mother and me worried," he said. "We don't approve of these moonlight bathing parties, but all the young folks of the neighborhood go to them, and what can we do about it?"

Now, recalling your own childhood, can you imagine yourself at sixteen being permitted to go to a moonlight bathing party with a boy and staying out till eleven-thirty?

Nor do I think there can be any doubt that there is far less reading in the average American home than formerly. Not so many years ago any family that had claim of good standing in the community had a bookcase in the living room or parlor. The children were encouraged to read the standard works, and often there was reading aloud in the family circle on long winter evenings.

Modern inventions have brought so many distractions that reading as a pleasant and profitable pastime seems to have almost gone by the board. If the family is not out in the automobile, there is the new movie bill at the theater in the next street calling them. Even if you do stay home, there is the enchanting radio, offering fascinating possibilities. There are many American homes to-day without even a bookcase.

A recent survey showed that 90 per cent of the high-school pupils attended the movies three times a week. Perhaps some motion pictures have an educational value, but in the average movie program many false ideas of life are apt to be insidiously instilled. Certainly a good book has a greater educational value than the average movie. And in the American family to-day I am inclined to believe there is too much gadding. Modern life has invented a hundred lures to call us away from home, the summer camp, the vacation trip, touring in the flivver, the movies, golf tournaments, club conventions.

The spirit of unrest has seized the whole American family. The quiet evening home has become an unwelcome rarity. The feeling that we must be going somewhere or doing something leaves us no time for meditation, no time for relaxation, no time really to get acquainted with the family. All American life, even our home life, has become too hectic.

And the last arraignment I would make of American family life to-day is that there is far too much drinking in the home. Without attempting any discussion of the merits of prohibition, the example set by parents to their children, of open and flagrant disregard of the law of the land, cannot but have appalling effects. The disreputable expedients to which otherwise reputable families resort to obtain liquor, the degrading contacts with criminals that ensue, unquestionably are having effect on the morals of the children who come in contact with them.

It is all the more horrifying that this open disrespect of law occurs just as often in the substantial well-to-do middle-class homes that form the nation's backbone as anywhere else. It is not confined to any section of the country. You will find people in Somerset, Pa., in Huntington, W. Va., in Detroit, Mich., in Los Angeles, Cal., serving cocktails and boasting before their children about their successful evasion of the law.

So once more, I repeat the question with which this article is headed: What has happened to home?

Has It Set You Thinking?

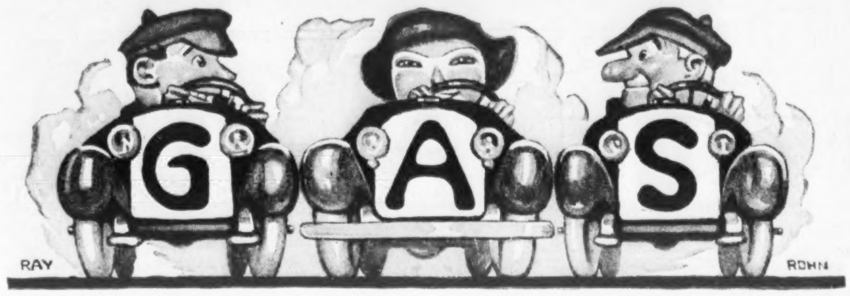
FRANKLY, I don't know. What can be done about it? Frankly, I don't know. Nor am I an alarmist. Maybe whatever it is that is happening to the American home is the very best thing that could happen for the progress and happiness of the race. Our field of vision is so limited that the view we get of any problem is apt to be distorted and unfair.

I can remember when girls first began to ride bicycles and wear divided skirts, and everybody was horrified at it. Lots of people were sure then that the country was going to the dogs. Now you see girls everywhere hiking about the country in trousers, and nobody thinks anything about it.

Maybe the things I have pointed out about the American home do not make any real difference and aren't worth worrying about. Years ago, when I was in a preparatory school, we used to have a professor who did not know much. His pupils had discovered it, and one of their favorite pastimes was to contrive questions to put to him. Each time they did his procedure was the same. He would repeat the question and stand there trying to look wise, flapping the ends of his fingers together.

"Young gentlemen," he would say, "you have heard this question. I hope it has set you thinking."

Now that is exactly the way I feel about the question with which this article is headed. I hope that what I have had to say about it will at least set you thinking.



How Do You Vote?

THE U. S. Senate has investigated motor traffic conditions in the District of Columbia and has made a lot of recommendations, many of which might well be adopted for the entire country. Here's one of them. Are you in favor of it?

"There should be no speed limit fixed or attempted to be enforced, but there should be a very rigid enforcement of a 'reckless driving regulation.' (Reckless driving is interpreted as 'driving in such a fashion as to endanger the lives or property of others.')"

Other suggestions of the Senate Committee will follow in this column from time to time. Maybe by the time the next Congress meets we can evolve a set of automotive ideas which it can recommend for nation-wide use.

Indoor Sidewalks

THERE'S an agitation on foot to move all sidewalks on heavily motorized streets and put them inside the buildings. This may not solve the congestion tangle but it's a thought in the right direction.

Chain 'Em Down

COLLIER'S favors a sizable fund for the purchase of handcuffs and strait-jackets for front-seat passengers who have a tendency to grab the wheel in times of emergency. We speak feelingly. Recently the Editor of "Gas" was driving past another car at about thirty miles an hour. The other driver swerved a bit and the fair but untutored soul sitting beside us got scared, wrenched the wheel around suddenly and sent us crashing into a ditch. It cost our insurance company $200 and came within a fly's eyelash of costing us our lives.

Oyez! Oyez!

EVERYBODY has been blaming the poor old Eighteenth Amendment for all the current disrespect for law. It's our hunch, however, that some other laws have as much to do with it as anything—especially the automobile laws. Nobody has ever felt deeply disgraced by being arrested for speeding or violating traffic rules. Over 200,000 people a year are arrested or summoned in this country annually for auto violations—50,000 a year in New York alone. When the stigma of arrest is removed wholesale, the law is bound to lose some of its dignity and deterrent effects.

Headlights Again

THE headlight situation is about like this:

Some states bright,
Some states dim,
Some states chaos.

All three are wrong. Compulsory continuous brightness of lights, as in Massachusetts, is bound to be dangerous at times and highly disagreeable even more often. Too much dimness is also a fertile source of danger and turmoil. The truth is that we don't yet know how to light up the road ahead of us efficiently and safely. How about that old idea, often suggested by engineers, of putting the headlamps on the roofs of our cars so they'll shine down on the road, instead of putting them, as we do, down near the road to shine up into the eyes of approaching drivers? If it was the collapsible top that held back this development—well, almost all tops are kept up now.

To Cruise or Not to Cruise

NEW YORK is having a lovely time with its traffic tangle. A recent ukase has banned parking on most of the city's main thoroughfares and prohibited taxicabs from cruising in search of fares on Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and other popular streets. Both rules have had the immediate effect of speeding up the traffic by making a lot more room available. The no-parking regulation seems fair enough, but the edict against cruising has practically eliminated the public's taxicab service on the streets affected. It's a sweet little problem.

Try the Back Roads

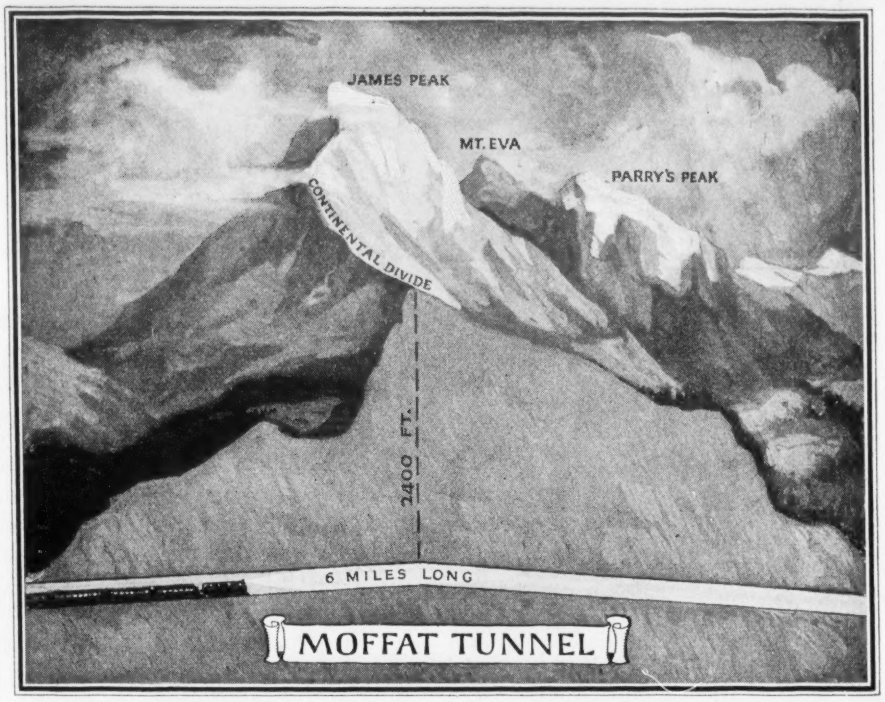
MANY motorists dislike Sunday and holiday motoring on account of the congestion on the roads and consider it dangerous. But there is no law compelling you to stick to the main highways where the motor parade wends its slow and tortuous way. In every town there are other streets to use without joining the procession, and there are many excellent back roads which motorists seem to neglect. Why not do a little exploring?

Calls Us a God

To the Editor of Gas:

PARDON the little natural resentment at the calm way in which you set yourself up as a god, saying, "In spite of So and So's opinion, the corner is the safest place to cross." I believe that you and other editors are partially responsible for the kind of accident I witnessed recently in Lincoln, Nebraska, where a lovely young girl was killed and two others hurt *at a corner* by no fault of theirs and by an automobilist who was obeying in every respect the recommendations of the Editor of "Gas." As a matter of fact, the corner is the only place where a pedestrian can get hurt *without contributory negligence on his part.* Even the Editor must admit this, which applies to corners where turns are allowed. At Fifth Avenue and 42d Street, New York, the corner is undoubtedly safest, but in Pittsburgh the middle of the block is far safer. In Dayton it is about fifty-fifty. In this city, in spite of, or because of, its reckless driving, the middle is best. In Des Moines no place is safe; they come up on the sidewalk after you! If you and other editors are earnest in desiring to prevent accidents, forget this nonsense about jay-walking and concentrate against jay-thinking. Get the pedestrian to look where he is going, and you will prevent most of the accidents. C. BENT, Akron, Ohio.

There is a law of physics which says two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, and "Gas" believes that the elimination of jay-walking will reduce the number of attempts to violate this law.



Piercing the Great Divide

West of Denver is the Continental Divide; hemmed in behind it is an undeveloped district twice as large as Maryland. That fertile area the new Moffat Tunnel will open up.

General Electric mine locomotives will carry out the rock, and G-E motors will drive air compressors and pump water from underground rivers.

The General Electric Company includes many specialists—engineers who know about tunnels; engineers who know about street lighting; engineers who know about the electrification of factories. These men are at your service, whatever your electrical project may be.

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says Frank DePries, one of our live wire representatives. L.D. Payne averaged $20.77 profit per day for 217 days. Slidell and Viles sold over $25,000 in 2 years. G. Howard earned $100 in one day. F. E. Mendenhall worked half time and made $100 a week. W. E. Findlay ran up his commissions in a few months from $100 to over $500 per month. **Every Home, Auto Owner, Store and Factory a Live Prospect**—Keeton, Howard, and others, never sold Fire Extinguishers before. Our special training course starts you on road to success first day. If now employed, we can show you how to make big money during spare time. **No Experience Necessary.** Get our new Sales Plan. Territory going fast—write today!

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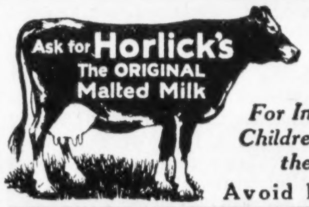

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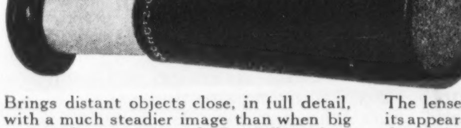

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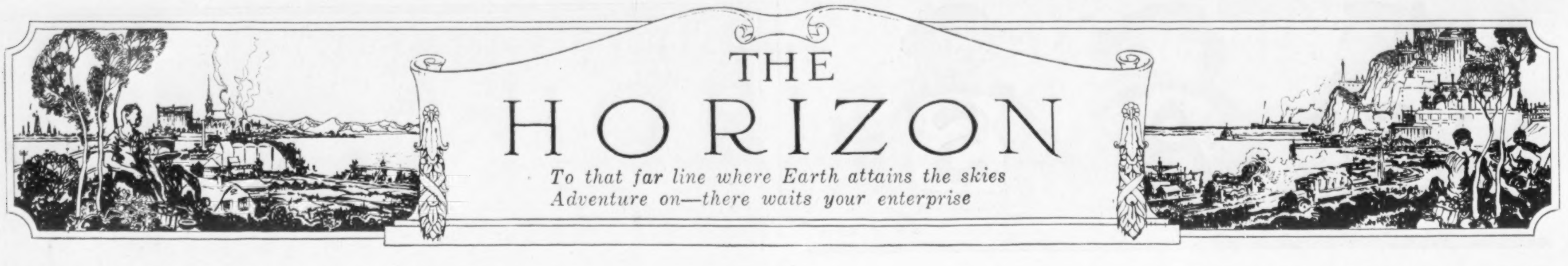


THE HORIZON

To that far line where Earth attains the skies
Adventure on—there waits your enterprise

FOR the information of readers who have dropped into Collier's Horizon page's national town meeting only lately, and haven't yet got the run of what's going on here—

This is where you can say your say on any subject that interests you, provided it is likely to interest a lot of other people all over the country, and provided you make your say interesting in itself and two or three hundred words long at the outside. Not a week goes by but one to twenty good letters are left out because it would be impossible to cut them down and do their ideas justice, and because any one of them if printed would take up the whole page and go on to an overflow meeting that there isn't any place for.

The Horizon prints letters about Collier's and its contents, about letters on preceding Horizons, and about things not previously mentioned in the magazine. For publication, it prefers the last, though the others are always welcome.

It doesn't print—well, for instance, those letters (every editor gets one once in a while) that begin, "You big Bum," and are coyly signed, "A Friend." Or those from men of genius who have solved perpetual motion, but can't realize on it because Thomas A. Edison, the King of England, William Jennings Bryan, Gloria Swanson, and Nicholas Murray Butler are in a conspiracy against them.

"YOUNG PEOPLE aren't what they used to be," is familiar hearing these days, and so is the answer, old but always good, "They never were." A year ago Fred Kelly questioned Booth Tarkington about it for Collier's, and Tarkington, stoutly professing himself old-fashioned, put the blame on the older generation for permitting "a departure from good old-time religious training—a breaking away from any kind of faith." Now, in this issue, comes William Johnston with a general indictment of the present-day home, or rather of the present-day attitude on the part of all hands, old and young, that, as he sees it, has permitted the genuine home with its bonds and its joys to disintegrate. If Mr. Tarkington's ideas were old-fashioned, Mr. Johnston's are frankly reactionary; better, to his mind, the red flannel petticoat than the one-piece bathing suit, and to him the girl who seeks a career when she might be a wife and mother is more or less painful. Collier's doesn't expect every reader to agree with everything he says, and realizes that those to whom youth is always right will probably find him irritating. His article is presented as an honest statement of a still familiar point of view on a general social change.

* * *

TO WILD-EYED FOLKS who want to emancipate the world in the next ten minutes, the self-styled liberal is a sort of well-meaning weak sister. To Senator Lodge, on the other hand, he is presumably one of the slightly less wild varieties of wild men. If you want a less prejudiced and more detailed conception of him, you'll find it with Albert Edward Wiggam's picturesque word portraits of "The Four Most Useless Men"—the optimist, the pessimist, the conservative, and the radical, all of whom Mr. Wiggam compares with the new liberal, to the liberal's great advantage.

Somebody is Spoofing Us

To the Editor of Collier's:

Let me join that "Amen corner of one." Let me raise an earnest prayer to the non-smokers of this country to fight tobacco with might and main.

Cease printing vicious propaganda that tells of the delights of the pipe (evil-smelling thing) around the camp fire, that tells of the solace of the cigarette (truly the coffin nail) to the lonely plainsman; cease the lecherous descriptions of the so-called business man caressing his reeking cigar.

Cease making pictures of sweet young girls befouling their fingers with cigarettes.

We ended the reign of alcohol. Let us pass a law and stop the curse of tobacco the same way. Collier's, draw up the law and print it, that we may save our erring brothers and sisters from this demon that stains their souls as it does their fingers!

H. R. Baukhage, Oakland, Cal.

P. S. But please lay off until I get this last brier mellowed. Say, what is this America, a country or a psychopathic ward? H. R. B.

A Remedy for—er—for Colic

To the Editor of Collier's:

There has been so much bellyaching going on over the country about the condition of the farmer, and so many suggestions made by politicians for national aid to him, that the whole issue seems to be confused.

The welfare of the farmer, of course, lies in coöperative marketing. There is no longer any argument about that, and the United States Government had better keep out of it, although politicians see some opportunity to establish some coöperative marketing bureaus. If such a thing were done, I cannot conceive of anything that would kill coöperative marketing more quickly.

If there is any truth in all this suggestion that the farmer must be helped, I am firmly of the opinion that there is one thing the men of this country could do for the farmer through Federal arrangement, if they really meant business. I do not believe, however, that they mean business.

There are two things we need: a fair profit on the cost of production for the farmer and a reduction in the cost of living; in other words, make a bushel of wheat buy more, regardless of the price.

A year ago I suggested to Mr. Hoover, also to one of our Democratic senators, the following: From countries that bought our farm products we would receive into this country free of duty an amount of manufactured articles equal in dollars to the amount of farm products bought by those nations.

C. E. Stewart, Jr., Tampa, Fla.

Mr. Stewart is business manager of a non-profit coöperative marketing organization in the Florida citrous fruit country.

Are They Railroad Boomers?

To the Editor of Collier's:

Every sane railroad man hopes that the B. & O. experiment in coöperation, reported by Whiting Williams, will prove a success. But every railroad man who has read Williams's previous articles knows that he draws conclusions from conversations with boomer railroad men, who love an audience and are notorious hot-air shooters. Don't take his stuff too seriously.

No man can, by working a few weeks in a place, as Williams does, get the workers' viewpoint, for the reason that only these boomers and other hot-air shooters will talk to a stranger. Yet we all appreciate his and Collier's honest efforts to get that viewpoint.

By the way: does the inability of Earl Chapin May to turn the porter Ford from his subject indicate "the simple mind of the negro," or does it indicate the ability of the negro to concentrate on the subject in hand?

"A White Railroad Man,"
Chicago, Ill.

"Women Without a Country"

To the Editor of Collier's:

I was born in the same county of Pennsylvania in which both of my parents were born. My father was a captain in the Civil War and my mother was a relative of Gen. Sam Houston. My grandfather, William Houston, was a merchant in Indiana County and had his goods carried by wagon or on horseback from Philadelphia to Indiana (town and county) before there was a railroad.

As my husband cannot produce his *second papers* (voted here for eighteen years), we were both denied the right to register.

I too, like other "women without a country" who have told their stories to your Horizon page, will lose my citizenship and stay where the law has placed me—in the same class with Chinese, Japanese, idiots, criminals, and residents of the District of Columbia.

In my heart I am an American just the same, no "ex" about it. Lawmakers have been known to make mistakes.

"Spokanna," Spokane, Wash.

Can't Pick 'Em and Have 'Em Too

To the Editor of Collier's:

The people who pick wild flowers and then throw them away, which happens commonly everywhere in the spring, do not think of two things: for each flower picked this year there will probably be a large number missing next year, because the seed that would have formed and germinated will not do so; and many people might have enjoyed the flowers if they had been left to grow, while as it is only the person who picks them has a chance to enjoy them at all—and that very slightly, if they are allowed to wilt quickly and thrown away.

If people want flowers, let them transplant them or raise them, and then they will be assured of flowers forever, for all the wild ones are sure things in a garden.

Frank L. McAvinchey, Oelwein, Ia.

This amiable and commendable "propaganda" for sparing the wild flowers is being carried on more and more extensively each year. It seems to point to an opening for educational work through the nature study now common in the public schools. Youthful flower pickers need to be taught discrimination, so that plants like the arbutus, wild azalea, and pink moccasin of the East will be spared. But—turn a happy baby loose in a field of common daisies, and who would want to tell her not to pick some?

A Nation in Himself

To the Editor of Collier's:

You state that "John Baptist Ford, negro, in his Pullman porter's uniform, lectured to the students of Dartmouth College" and "twelve days after (ward) he had become a national figure."

I was born in Virginia and grew up in a cotton patch in Georgia.

I have worked in all sorts of industry, with all sorts of people, laborers, vagrants, business men and women, governors of states, and all sorts of county, state, and federal officials, millionaires, multimillionaires, and captains of industry.

I am proficient in many mechanical trades and three professions. And I deny that I am a "Jack-of-any-trade" or profession.

I am descended from southern stock on both sides.

I never have found any native wickedness or vagrancy in a "nigger."

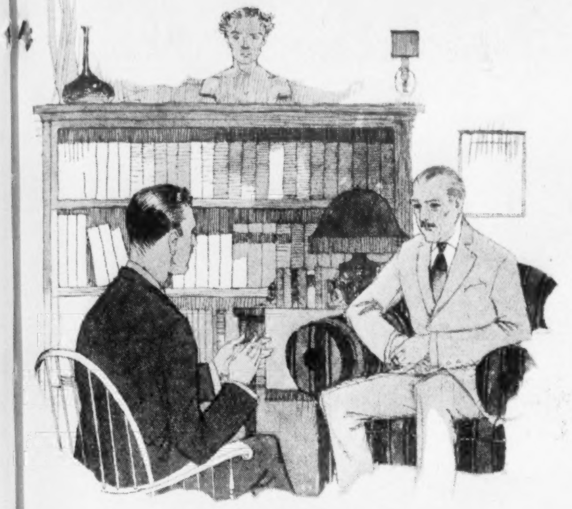
A few months ago I gave to a Pullman porter on a car in Texas a copy of the "Trial and Death of Socrates."

I read all the papers and magazines that come to my town which I consider fit to read, and this is the first I ever heard of the man who you say became a national figure on the sixth day of April, 1924.

Where did you get your information, please? Why do you make such false statements as though they were true as a matter of course? If such a man as I never heard of this nationally famous man, how can you justify your assumption? If you have been misled I request you to ascertain who it was, or what, that misinformed you, and express your honest indignation at the abomination.

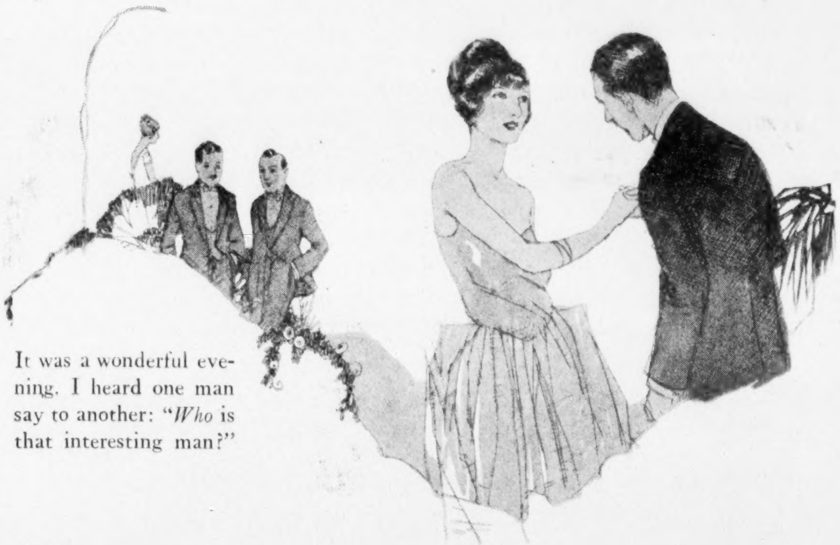
D. H. Hunnicutt, Perry, Okla.

How fifteen minutes' reading made me more money than eight hours' work

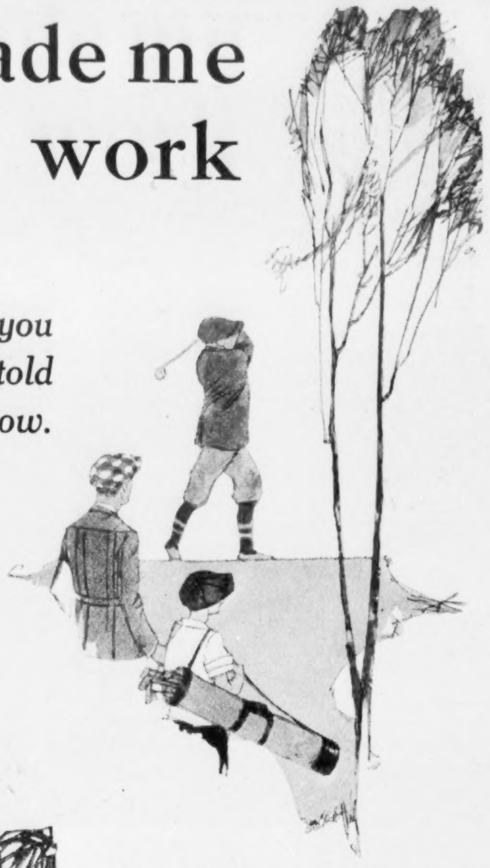


He gave me a good stiff body blow. "You're honest," he said, "and you work hard, but frankly, you're not *interesting*."

There is magic in 15 minutes a day—if you know how to use them. The secret is told in a free book; send for it today—now.



It was a wonderful evening. I heard one man say to another: "*Who* is that interesting man?"



Leading country clubs choose their members with care. Many a prospective member fails to be elected. Nobody wants to work or play with a dumb-bell.

Says a prominent business man:

I MADE more money last year than I made in the five years before. Yet I did not work any harder. Actually, I worked fewer hours and had much more time for golf, travel and enjoying my friends.

"There is a mistaken idea, in many men's minds, that hard work is all that is required for success. Horses do hard work and get nothing but their board. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Clerks do hard work. Ninety-nine out of a hundred stay clerks; the hundredth becomes an executive, not by work alone, but by discovering a secret that the others could turn to their own advantage if they only would—but they don't.

"I believe I have a right to speak with authority about this, because I have proved everything I say by my own experience. I have increased my earnings more by 15 minutes' reading a day than I ever did by 8 hours' work.

"The secret is very simple. To think straight and talk interestingly is easy—if you can spare even 15 minutes a day, and will spend those 15 minutes in pleasant, profitable reading along lines recommended by Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard.

"From his lifetime of reading, study and teaching—forty years of it as President of Harvard University—Dr. Eliot chose a few books for the most famous library in the world; a library which I keep always close to my easy chair, and which is so arranged with notes and reading courses that you can get from it—as I did—the knowledge of literature and life, the culture and the interesting viewpoint which every university strives to give."

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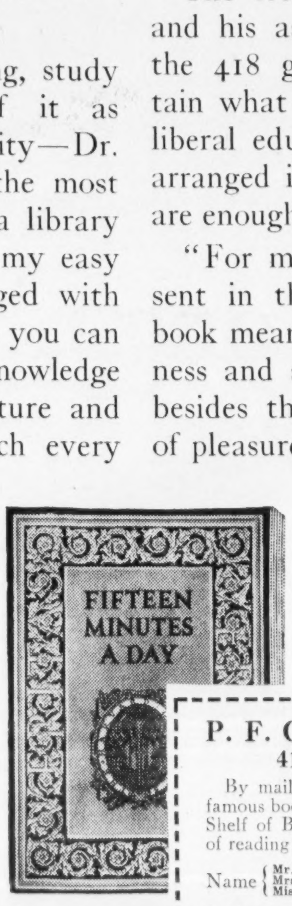

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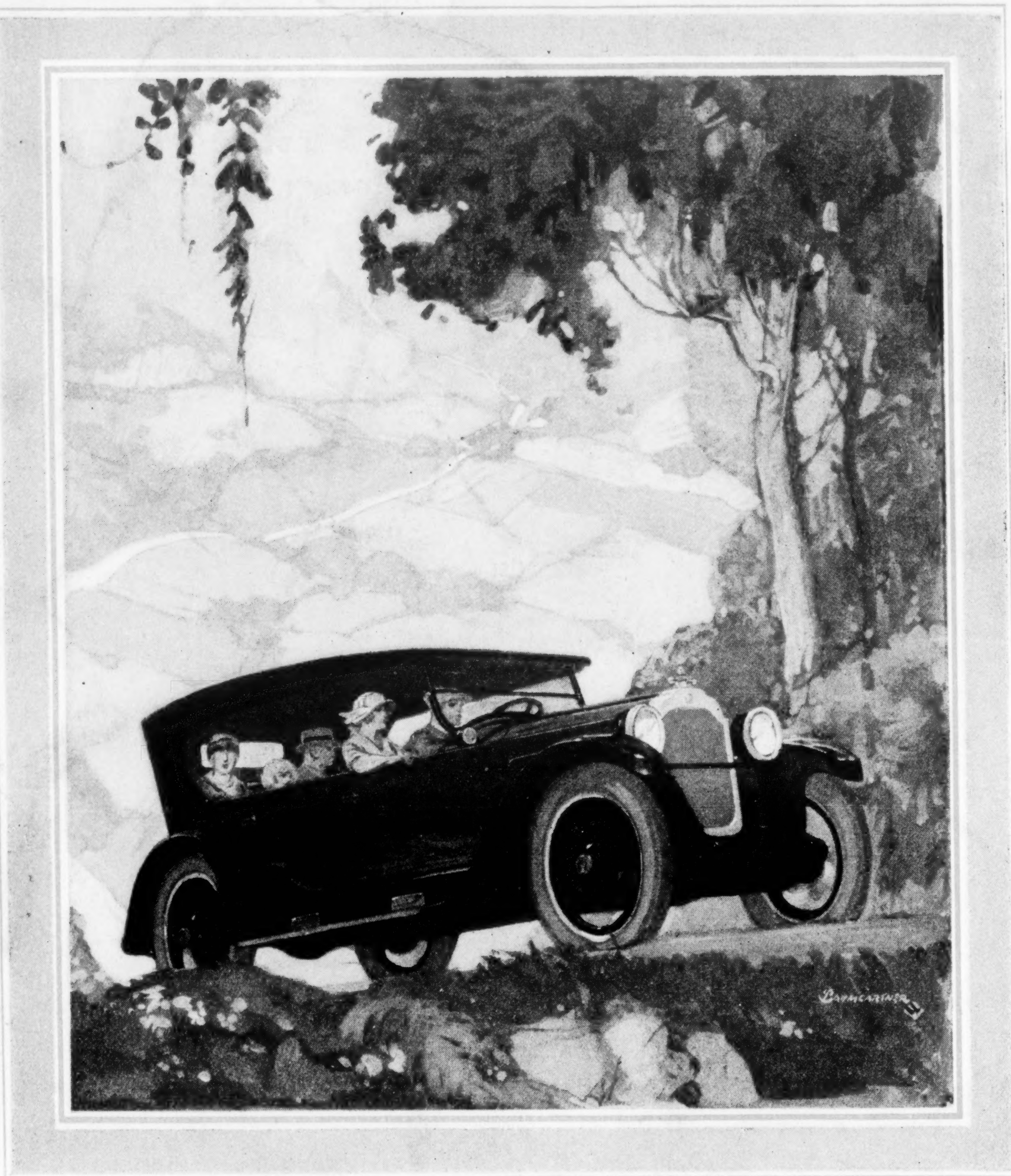

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Here is a car that owners *keep* —and long enjoy—for it keeps up and keeps going with the lowest of low upkeep. The Willys-Knight engine *actually improves with use!*

Any number of Willys-Knight owners report 50,000 miles and more without a mechanic once fussing with the engine. *This* engine never needs valve-grinding or carbon-cleaning.

Every day brings the Knight more friends. For as surely as people grow tired of divorcing automobiles every season or two, so surely do they turn to the Knight.

If you want to know the deeper, more enduring pleasures of motoring—and if you want more good miles for your money—you owe yourself a Willys-Knight. In over nine years of Willys-Knight history, we have never known a Willys-Knight engine to wear out!

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